

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



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MILLE. REICHEMBERG, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.



SOME of the Irish Obstructionists are unhappy because they have not been allowed to feast their eyes on the cat-o'-nine-tails. I am perfectly certain that if Mr. Lowther, and in fact any gentleman in the House of Commons—Irish as well as English—could manage it, the offensive little gang would not have to complain of a want of familiarity with this useful instrument. Messrs. O'Donnell, Parnell, Biggar, O'Connor Power, and some of their friends could not fail to have their manners improved by an application of the corrector they desire to see—always supposing that it was laid on with sufficient soundness.

WHEN Mrs. Weldon reflects that it is Mr. Mortimer who has to go up for judgment for publishing her libellous letters, and not she for writing them, she may well congratulate herself upon her undeserved luck, and make up her mind to be more cautious in the future. The manner in which she dragged into the controversy the name of a young lady who was in no way connected with the wretched business was as cruel and abominable as it was ridiculous. Readers can form their own opinions of the merits—or rather demerits—of the case from the published reports, and there is little doubt the opinion will be that those of her friends and relatives who have striven to do what they considered their painful duty, are deserving of all respect and sympathy.

ONE of the neatest parodies I ever came across is the work of a Cambridge man, and deals with the subject of a man going up for an examination with copious aids to memory in the shape of notes stowed away in all parts of his person, and of the exposure which followed. "The Heathen Chinee" is the model. Of this, it will be remembered, the last verse runs:

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four packs,  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the fact;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What's frequent in taper's—that's wax.

The parody runs:

In the crown of his cap  
Were the Furies and Fates,  
And a delicate map  
Of the Dorian States;  
And they found in his palms, which were hollow,  
What's frequent in palms—that is dates.

ACTORS and actresses are frequently annoyed by severe criticisms, and the way to prevent such injuries to tender feelings has been suggested. The originator of a really brilliant idea is an aspiring amateur who was lately advertised to play Hamlet, and who, for anything I know to the contrary, may have carried out his desperate and painful intention. He was good enough to call at this office and explain his wishes on the subject of any criticism that might appear. He desired a notice of his efforts, but did not want it to go into the paper until he had seen it, and was anxious to know when the proof would be ready for him? It was not easy to fix the precise date, by reason of the fact that our critic had not assisted at the slaughter of the noble Dane; but it is obvious that if the gentleman had read and corrected any article that might have been written, nothing would have appeared that could in any way have hurt his feelings. My only fear is that if the idea were generally adopted the value of independent criticism might to some small extent be lost.

IT was thus that Mr. Mortimer Collins wrote of July before the Americans took the weather in hand and made a mess of it!—

July—the month of odorous orange flowers,  
Welcome at nuptial banquets. Helios rages,  
And on the southern wall grow brown the gages,  
And melons mellow through the scorching hours;  
Cherries and strawberries come in luscious showers;  
Cool cream of Devon the acid touch assuages—  
Delectable to deipnosophic sages;  
Through the full-foliage copse the leveret scours.  
Flutters the wheatear now, and sails the plover—  
Whoso is wise the latter bird will roast,  
And serve him, smoking on anchovy toast.  
What else? Blue borage flowers; and so the lover  
Of cooling drinks, with claret cup may try  
To mitigate the fervour of July.

IT will seem strange to those who know M. Albert Wolff of the *Figaro* that a few lines in that journal should have caused Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt to resign her position as a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française. M. Wolff wields a light and amusing, but not, I should have supposed, a very powerful pen. I travelled to Bayreuth with him to the Wagner Festival some years ago, and it was he, I believe, who started the story about the Covent Garden pantomime dragon that appeared in *Siegfried* having lost its head by the way. Possibly, however, Mlle. Sarah was not sorry of the chance M. Wolff afforded her of quarrelling with her bread-and-butter, when, in exchange for that humble fare epicurean delicacies were pressed upon her acceptance. An actress of her reputation can earn by herself ten or twenty times the reward that is given to a *sociétaire* of her standing. Two years in America would bring her in a comfortable little fortune, very nearly amounting to £100,000, and in these hard times such an income is not to be despised.

A REMARKABLE story, showing the great advantages of ignorance, is told of a French cook who won a prize in the late lottery. She had felt certain, long before the drawing of the prizes, that No. 27 would turn out a winner; and she managed to buy it and waited the result with anxiety but without fear. The list came out in due time, and surely enough 27 had won a big prize. Her master therefore, questioned her about it, asking to be informed why she felt so sanguine. The explanation was simple. "Why, sir," she replied, "I dreamed three nights running that No. 8 would be a lucky number; that is how I came to be sure, because 3 times 8 is 27." This cook does not in the

least agree with the poet who said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; she had very little knowledge indeed of arithmetic, but found the result quite satisfactory.

RAPIER.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### MLLE. REICHEMBERG.

Mlle. Reichenberg is an *ingénue, par excellence*. The ordinary dove is a scheming and malignant bird in comparison to such sublime innocence as that which Mlle. Reichenberg exhibits. A kiss is to her the most simple of compliments, and she can wear the hero's arm round her waist without its making her heart beat faster than if the arm were a scarf of the most modest pattern procurable. These are the merits of an *ingénue*, and looked at in this light Mlle. Reichenberg is a very clever actress. There is an apparent sincerity in what she does which is rare in young ladies who fill similar rôles, and such a performance as, for example, her Suzel in *L'Ami Fritz* shows her to be possessed of a genuine capacity for the work she undertakes. Mlle. Reichenberg has not astonished nor enraptured audiences at the Gaiety; she has invariably gratified them.

### TENT-PEGGING AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Mr. Sturgess's picture represents the clever people who, for some reason known to themselves or to the authorities at Muswell Hill, called themselves the "Punjaubees," and amused visitors at the Horse Show, both by their performances in the "ring," and by the frantic way in which they galloped about in all directions on apparently private business of their own. The principal figure in the drawing was unquestionably the champion of the proceedings. Lying along his horse's back—literally his back, for there was no saddle—he approached the peg, and as he reached it threw down his reins, raised his left arm in the air, and with his lance drew out the peg with astonishing accuracy. As most—if not all—of the horses were animals hired for the occasion, and totally unused to such work, the skill of the riders is more remarkable. The smaller sketches show members of the troupe tilting at the ring, cutting a lemon into halves, and fighting sword against lance.

### HUMOURS OF THE PAST MONTH.

Mr. Matt. Stretch's picture has a somewhat damp appearance, and there may be those who, given to out-door and what used to be considered "seasonable sports," will decline to see where the "humours of the month" have come in. Let us hope that the prods Mr. Bull is administering with his umbrella to the sluggish official depicted in the lower right-hand corner may prove effectual. RAPIER has described how daintily-shod damsels crossed the course at Ascot, making impromptu overshoes of the straw coverings of champagne bottles. How Society worships Sarah, as the ex-*sociétaire* of the Comédie Française (may we call her?) is familiarly entitled, is well known. The gratuitous hint to Mr. Whistler would be appreciated by that bogus genius, no doubt, if he could paint an ass as naturally as he can behave like one; and the largest portion of the picture is devoted to a sketch suggested by the articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Burne-Jones's representations of clumsily-made wooden dolls are regarded with wonder by pretty visitors to Sir Coutts Lindsay's expensive show. Except that Mr. Stretch's sketch of Mr. Burne-Jones's picture is a great deal more life-like and artistic than the original, the conceit is happy.

### THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Jellico's page of clever sketches embraces nearly all the more prominent features of this interesting and pretty event. The group in the Royal tent, of which the Duchess of Teck is the central figure, the aspect of the grounds, the tasteful character of the decorations (entrusted to the able hands of Mr. Dick Radcliffe), the incident of a gust of stormy wind seizing the tent, which the prompt aid of the militia succeeded in saving, the portraits of the judges, and other pregnant bits, will give our readers a very fair idea of what the show was like—upon which energetic and enthusiastic Mr. Chancellor, the honorary secretary, has every reason to congratulate himself. It could not, indeed, have been in the hands of a more skilful or able manager.

### SKETCHES OF THE CURRAGH RACECOURSE.

Some half-forgotten poet has long ago asked in song, "Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?" affirming, I think, towards its close that such an individual might be considered to rank among the happiest of mortals. Had that same poet lived but till now, we might have a racy stave inquiring who has e'er had the luck to see the famous races at the Curragh? Though I cannot, up to this date, consider myself either happy or lucky in any extraordinary degree, still I can plume myself on having visited the Curragh and seen all the sights there provided for the thousands of holiday-makers' delectation, and, having so seen them, will endeavour to place before you, both by aid of pen and pencil, some idea of the shifting kaleidoscopic sights that on such festive occasions ever and anon present themselves to one's view.

Taking ticket at the King's Bridge Station, and making a rush for dear life, you reach the platform, amid a cloud of pleasure and profit seekers, you are early made acquainted with the fact that though you have paid for the security and comfort of first-class, you are lucky indeed if you can find even standing room in a third. A shriek from the engine, a banging-to of the door by a surly porter, and you steam out into the fragrant morning and the pleasant open country. Within the carriage as you whirl along, sooner than that time shall hang heavy on your hands, some philanthropic gentleman endeavours to enlist your sympathies in the noble game of trick o' the loop, thimbles, or three cards. However, having proved deaf to the voice of the charmer, and passed the pretty village of Sallins, you roll grandly into the siding, built with provident forethought close alongside the grand stand, where alighting, and making straight for the wicket that guards the enclosure, you plunge ankle deep into a sea of mud or dust, just as the weather clerk may have thought good to make it. Here, for the sum of five shillings the grim Cerberus within the kiosk deigns to hand you a ticket, which admits to the grand stand, the paddock, &c., and possessed of which meagre pasteboard you may roam to your dear heart's content wherever idle fancy may lead.

Now for the wild discordant cries and all the fun and racket that seem to run riot around. Here a fellow, dressed in a nondescript suit, bawls out his anxiety to bet against anything and everything, bar one; there another is perched with a miniature edition of himself, the face, dress, hat, boots, and general make up of a big man of 50—all reproduced in a child of 9 or 10. Five to one on everything bar one, seven to one on everything bar two; thus rise the shouts through a wild whirl of noise and confusion, till at last the bell rings, and the dainty, sleek-coated horses come out in the open, and you run helter-skelter to secure a place for a view of the race about to be run.

Then a rush as that of a whirlwind, a shaking of the earth

beneath you, the seeming unwinding of a beautiful ribbon of many colours, and the race is lost and won. With a glance you may determine the favourites of fortune, as with broad grins they dash to the tiny telegraph-office and elbow the jaded-looking newspaper reporters, who are already wiring away the results of the race. Outside, too, the fun is fast and furious. Here great hulking fellows, dressed up in smock-frocks and standing on barrels, are shouting in uncouth jargon their offers to bet, the simple-looking country people gazing at them awestruck, and seeing so few take up their tempting proposals that they must needs wonder if those loud-lunged strangers are, for sheer lack of trade, forced to bet with one another. Can it be that the Humane Society has never heard of the Curragh, or the doings that are carried on there? I fear that if they knew that a certain Mr. Coogan offers, for a penny, three blows with cudgels at a living drake tied to a stake in a hole in the earth, the said drake to be the property of him who can kill it by a fortunate stroke, it might go hard with Coogan; but so it is, however, such diabolical cruelty takes place, and the authorities

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### HENLEY REGATTA.

The weather at the commencement of this famous regatta on Thursday was very bad, but towards the end of the day it brightened up. There was only a small attendance of spectators. Friday opened under somewhat more propitious circumstances than the first day, but a strong wind blew with the stream. The following were the results:

**GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.**—First heat: Jesus College, Cambridge, 1; London club, 2. Won easily. Second heat: Kingston, 1; Thames, 2. Won easily. In the deciding heat Jesus College came in first and Kingston second, winning easily by half a clear length.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHALLENGE CUP.**—First heat: Radley, 1; Bedford Grammar School, 2. Won by two lengths. Second heat: Cheltenham College, 1; Derby School, 2. Won by four lengths. In the deciding heat Cheltenham College was first, St. Peter's College being second.

**THAMES CHALLENGE CUP.**—First heat: London R.C., 1; Thames, 2; Ino, 3. Won easily. Second heat: Twickenham R.C., 1; West London, 2. Won easily.

**STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP.**—First heat: Jesus College, Cambridge, 1; Avon R.C., Bath, 2. Won by three lengths. Second heat: Thames R.C., 1; London, 2; First Trinity, Cambridge, 3. Won by a length and a half. Third heat: Lady Margaret B.C., Cambridge, 1; Kingston R.C., 2. Won by six lengths.

**WYFOLD CHALLENGE CUP.**—First heat: London R.C., 1; Kingston R.C., 2. Won by a bare length. Mersey Club scratched. Second heat: Thames R.C., 1; Ino, 2. Won by twelve lengths. In the final heat London beat Thames.

**VISITORS' CHALLENGE CUP.**—Lady Margaret B.C., Cambridge, 1; Magdalen College, Oxford, 2; First Trinity B.C., Cambridge, 0. Won by a clear length and a half; Trinity beaten off, six lengths astern.

**SILVER GOBLETS (PAIRS).**—F. S. Gulston and R. H. Labat, London, 1; W. H. Eyre and James Hastie, Thames, 2. Won very easily.

**DIAMOND SCULLS.**—First heat: F. L. Playford, London R.C., 1; A. Payne, Moulsey, 2; E. G. Robinson, River Lea, 3. Won easily. Second heat: J. Lowndes, Oxford, 1; F. L. Croft, Eton, 2. Won by two lengths. In the deciding heat J. Lowndes beat F. W. Playford by twelve lengths.

**LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE.**—First heat: Eton College B.C., 1; Hertford College, Oxford, 2. The Eton boys were in fine form, and won in the easiest manner possible. Second heat: Jesus College, Cambridge, 1; Radley, 2; the Royal Engineers, 3. Won easily. Lady Margaret in the deciding heat was first; Eton College second. Won by over a clear length.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### SIGN-POSTS ON CROSS ROADS.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—I was glad to notice in your valuable paper of last Saturday a paragraph calling attention to the very just complaints regarding the absence of sign-posts at cross roads, and I trust your reminder to the local authorities, that they are liable to penalties for their negligence, may have the desired effect. I venture to offer a suggestion, which seems to me a very simple one, and it is this: That not only should it be incumbent on the local authorities to see that the inscriptions on sign-posts are legibly written, but that at all *cross roads* such sign-posts should be surmounted by a lamp, thus enabling the traveller at once to detect the direction in which he wishes to proceed. If gas is not available, it is not a very difficult nor expensive matter to provide an oil-lamp. Not very long ago I had to swarm up one of these (as at present existing) useless posts only to find that all traces of the direction had disappeared, and I should imagine had not been painted for years. I enclose my card, and remain, yours, &c.

1st July, 1879.

#### NOT A JEALOUS ACTOR.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to draw your attention to a slight mistake in your last impression of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS. In a notice of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, your critic speaks (and speaks favourably) of a Mr. Law in the part of Diggles. Now I am not a jealous man in such matters, and had the criticism been adverse Mr. Law might have retained the credit of it without a murmur on my part; but as your critic seems rather pleased than otherwise, and his opinion in your paper is of value to me, it may as well be placed to the account of—Yours, &c.,

St. George's Hall, Langham-place.

ALFRED BISHOP.

In view of the recent revelations of the Crosby-Talmage trial, the following resolution, adopted by the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Saratoga, U.S.A., exhibits the old, old Puritan prejudice against the stage as still rampant in that country:—"Resolved, that in view of the increased attendance of church members at theatres and operas, the Assembly bears earnest and solemn testimony against this practice as inconsistent with Christian duty, since it not only gives countenance and support to an institution justly described by a former Assembly as a school of immorality, but is in itself spiritually hurtful, and tends to obliterate the line which should always be plainly visible between the followers of Christ and the world."

## JOSEPH LANNER,

Musical director at the Imperial and Royal Court balls, bandmaster to the Second Burgher Regiment, and the Honourable Burghers at Vienna.

Mention has already been made of the recent demonstrations in Vienna to perpetuate the memory of the late Joseph Lanner, the accomplished musician and popular waltz composer. For a length of time the admirers of the "Old Vienna Waltz King," by which name he is so well known, had been desirous of ascertaining his birthplace, and it was only by chance that Joseph Wimmer came across an old circular which set the matter at rest. It was at No. 5, Mechitaristen-street that the subject of the above sketch first saw light. The house is a small and unpretending one, situated in a narrow turning in Leichenfelden-street, near the Neubau. A subscription was started for the purpose of erecting a memorial tablet in front of the building. The project was successful, and at length the day arrived for the ceremony of unveiling to take place. The occasion was one of much festivity. The windows of the various buildings were hung with drapery, a flag was placed at the top of Lanner's birthplace, which was otherwise decorated; and the tablet (not yet visible) was encircled with garlands of flowers. Crowds of spectators assembled, and all vehicular traffic was stopped. Conspicuous among those present was Joseph Wimmer, and in front of the house the Fahrbach band took up its position and commenced playing Lanner's Defile March of the second Burgher Regiment. Albin Swoboda now ascended a platform and in eloquent terms addressed those present, and after reciting a festive poem, written by Karl Elmar, eulogising Lanner's abilities as a musician and waltz composer, they proceed to unveil the tablet, which bore the simple inscription, "Here, in this house, Joseph Lanner was born, 12th April, 1801." Karl Elmar has designated Lanner the "Schubert of waltz." The daughter of the much-lamented composer, Madame Katti Lanner, is the accomplished directress of the ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her efficiency is well known, and in the arrangement of the dance by the Moorish slave children in the new production of *Aida* she has achieved a signal success.

## MR. CHARLES WARNER AS "COUPEAU."

The wearisome procession of new dramas without originality or elevation of purpose which the play-going public are constrained to endure year after year often give to anything novel or strange an importance not fairly due. Every theatrical critic knows that a play may be stupid, vulgar, conventional to the very extreme of absurdity, coarse, and devoid of good taste or artistic purpose, and yet succeed wonderfully, by virtue of some element of freshness and novelty which, rendered stale by repetition, instead of perpetuating obliterates. Mr. Charles Reade's new play from the French of *L'Assommoir*, now nightly collecting crowded audiences at the Princess's Theatre, cannot perhaps be fairly classed with dramas of such low calibre, but it is certainly so far akin to them that its greatest attractions are those put most prominently forward by the management—rather its meanest and lowest than its most aspiring features. The rude vigour, directness, and earnestness of its purpose may be in advance of those efforts of greater elegance, prettiness and feebleness which are not unknown upon the modern stage, but the art it embodies is hardly that which raises the drama in the estimation of men of taste or critics of acknowledged power. It is however successful, and the mischief is that such successes are misunderstood on all sides, and accepted as implying much better or more important things than they rightfully claim.

As it is with the play, so it is often with the actor: his greatest successes on the stage are not necessarily due to his highest efforts or most ambitious conceptions. Mr. Charles Warner has achieved nobler histrionic things than we witness in his personation of Coupeau, powerful as it is; but the repulsive study of a man in the agonies of *delirium tremens* is something novel on the stage, and as a stranger the public give it welcome,

to the Olympic, which was then under the management of Mr. Liston, and there, as Charley Burridge in Mr. Byron's *Daisy Farm*, made his first real hit. In 1872 he went to the Lyceum, where the critics awarded him frequent praise. As Orpheus in *Medea*, as Jingle in *Pickwick*, Captain Absolute in *The Rivals*, Puff in *The Critic*, Charles Surface in *The School for Scandal*, Harry Dornton in *The Road to Ruin*, Vladimir in *The Danicheffs*, Henry Shore in Mr. Wills's *Jane Shore*, and many other widely differing characters, Mr. Warner forcibly displayed his varied powers of conception and personation, achieving that high rank in his profession which it is hoped he will long live to enjoy.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

We note with pleasure that at the 64th anniversary festival of the Royal Caledonian Asylum considerable admiration was excited by a picture of which we have already spoken in high terms, the portrait of Mr. Donald Mackay, piper to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, painted by Miss Sutcliffe, a fine work of art which was exhibited in the dining hall, where the guests numbered between two and three hundred, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT telegraphs to M. Albert Wolff, of the *Figaro*, who has written some strictures founded on reports that she received company in her studio in men's clothes: "And you, too, dear M. Wolff, you believe such insane stories. Who can have been your informant? Yes, you are my friend, for despite all the calumnies recounted to you you have yet a remnant of kindly feeling. Well, I give my word of honour, I never wore men's clothes here in London. I did not even bring over my costume. I have only once attended my little exhibition. That was when I invited a few private friends. It is false to say that anybody paid a shilling to see me play in private houses. You are aware that I am among the worst paid members of the company. I have quite a right therefore to do something to make up the difference. There are sixteen pictures and eighteen pieces of sculpture in my exhibition. I brought them here to sell, and therefore I must let people see them. Now, if the stupid things said discredit me with the Parisians, and they mean, as you seem to fear, to give me a bad reception on my return, I will tempt nobody to do a mean action, and will resign my place in the Théâtre Français, and if the London public, naturally irritated by false reports, are tired of me and substitute hatred for good feeling, I will beg the manager to let me leave England that he may not see one of his company hissed and hooted. I send this by telegraph, the great importance I attach to public opinion justifying such extravagance. Begging you to give the same prominence to this denial as you did the calumnies, I give you a friendly squeeze of the hand.—SARAH BERNHARDT."

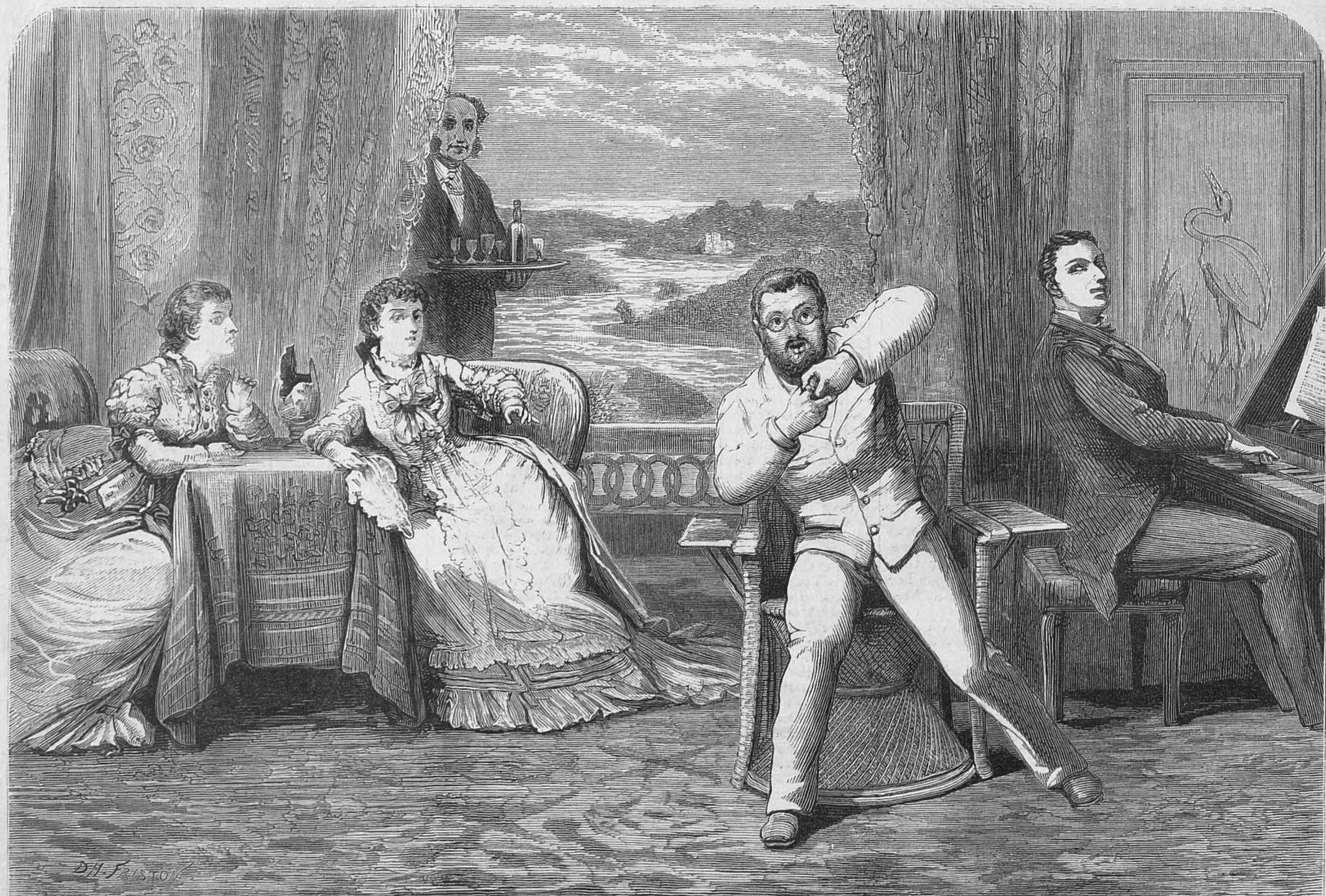
NOTHING was wanting, except the sunshine which might so reasonably have been expected in July, to render the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Kilburn the grandest and most successful exhibition of its kind ever witnessed. But summer apparently has yet to commence. The cold winds and pelting rains, which are working such mischief all over the country, have done their worst to mar the extensive and costly preparations made for this great gathering, and the deceptive brilliancy of the Society's opening day was followed by a wild and wet Tuesday, plunging everything and everybody back into that Slough of Despond from which superhuman efforts had just rescued them. Cold, stormy, damp, and unsettled the weather remains; and unless bright skies and warm winds come—and come before many more November-like days intervene—the crops will be ruined and the Agricultural Show along with them. In next week's issue we shall deal with the various items of interest in full, aided by the pencils of our artists.



JOSEPH LANNER, THE CELEBRATED WALTZ COMPOSER.

consequently Mr. Charles Warner's Coupeau is the sensation of the season.

Mr. Warner was born at Kensington in 1846, and educated at Westbury College, under the care of Dr. Byng. He was originally intended for an architect; but his most passionate desire burning for the stage, he ran away from his master's office, and contrived to obtain an engagement for "utility" business with a small provincial company. Thus mastering the rudiments of his profession, he endured for a time the obscurity and discomforts of its wholesome schooling, and in 1864 made his *début* in London, at the Princess's Theatre, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. In 1866 he was with Mr. Chatterton at Drury Lane, engaged for three years, and taking part in a series of Shakespearian revivals. From that house he went



"BACK FROM INDIA," AT THE GERMAN REEDS.

"For the ring it was poisoned, the doctors all said."



"After having looked for me for some moments, Clarin carried and put me into the carriage."



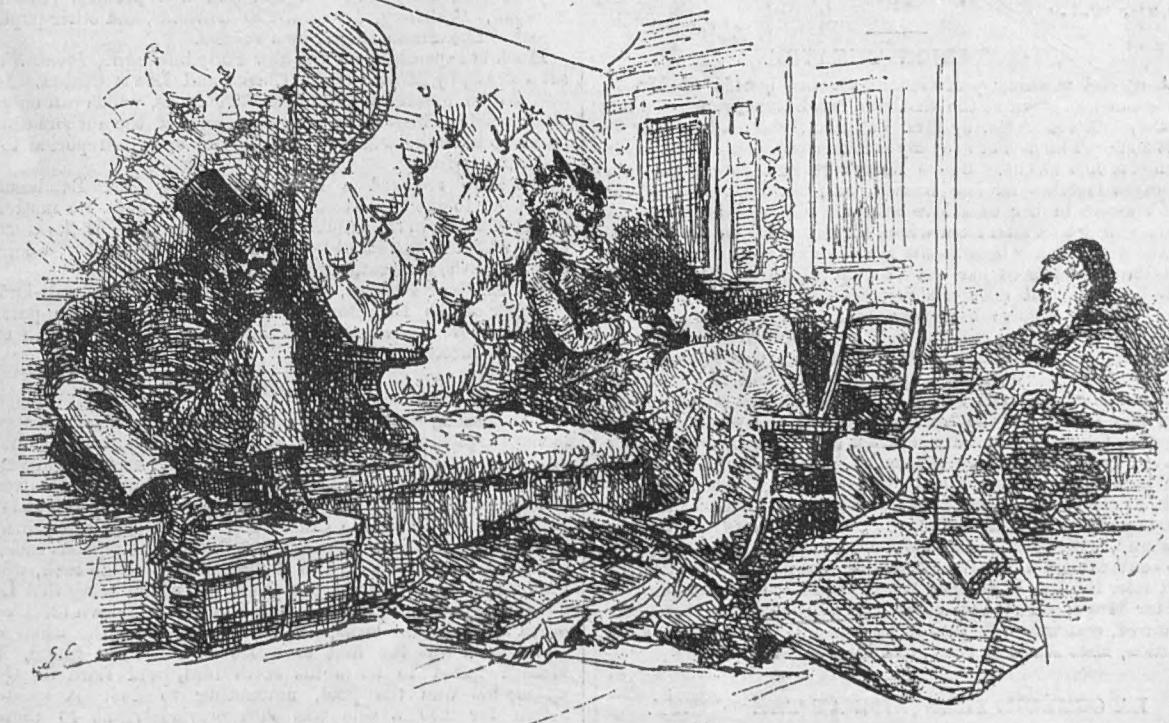
"You have caused us great anxiety."



"While the balloon was thus disposed of."



"She hit her companion with the little cane."



"Dona Sol put her feet on me."



"She knelt down before me."

## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Il Re di Lahore*, an Italian version of M. Jules Massenet's successful opera, *Le Roi de Lahore*, produced at the Grand Opéra, Paris, April 27th, 1877, was brought out at Covent Garden on Saturday last, and met with a favourable reception. It would be unwise to offer a definite opinion on the merits of so important a work after only a single hearing, and as the second performance was not given until last Thursday evening—too late for notice in our columns this week—we must reserve a final criticism, contenting ourselves for the present with recording the impressions awakened at the first performance.

The plot of *Il Re di Lahore* is almost uniformly gloomy. Sacrifice, treason, assassination, and suicide are its chief elements, tempered by ballet dancing. Alim, the King of Lahore, is in love with Nair, one of the priestesses of Indra, and finds his way every night into the temple to listen to Nair's devotional chant. Scindia, the King's prime minister, is also in love with Nair, and requests the High Priest, Timoor, to release the maiden from her religious vows. Timoor points out that it is only the King who has the power to do this. Scindia declares that Nair is visited every night by a mysterious lover. A watch is set, and Nair, who has only seen and has never spoken to Alim, is as much surprised as every one else when it is discovered that her unknown visitor is the King of Lahore. Timoor declares that Alim has committed sacrilege, and must expiate his crime by going to fight the Mussulmans. Alim goes off to the war, taking with him Nair, whom—in virtue of his royal prerogative—he has released from her vows. Scindia conspires with Kaled and others against his King, whom he treacherously assassinates, and carries Nair back to Lahore. Alim's spirit arrives at the Paradise in which Indra provides enjoyments—chiefly consisting of ballet-dancing—for the spirits of the blest. Paradise, without Nair, is joyless to Alim, who obtains from Indra the privilege of revisiting the earth, on condition that his second term of mortal existence shall terminate whenever Nair dies. On his arrival at Lahore, Alim finds that Nair is about to be forced into a marriage with Scindia, who has been crowned King. Scindia denounces Alim as an impostor, but he is protected by the priests, who shelter him in the temple. At night he is visited by Nair, who has escaped from the hateful embraces of Scindia, and when the latter arrives with his guards and threatens vengeance, Nair plunges a dagger into her bosom, and she and Alim die at the same moment. Scindia intimates his belief that his own conduct has been vile and infamous, and will probably entail his severe punishment by Indra, and the curtain falls on an apotheosis of Alim and Nair on their way to the saltatory delights of Indra's Paradise.

M. Massenet's music, composed eleven years back, and recently revised by the composer, shows the workmanship of a sound musician. The orchestration is masterly. Prominence is given to the stringed instruments, which are almost always at work, and the brass instruments are sparingly employed, except in the stormy dramatic situations which occur occasionally. In the vocal music there is elegance of form, combined with an agreeable flow of melody, and the dramatic sentiment is preserved in the solos as well as in the concerted pieces. To style *Il Re di Lahore* a great work would be to apply a misnomer. It contains little that is impressed with strong individuality, and neither in the vocal nor the instrumental music is there any indication of striking originality or innate genius. Grandeur of effect is not attained, nor does the opera present many of those fresh and charming melodies which live in the listener's memory. There were many agreeable passages in the solos and duets sung by the principal soprano and tenor; but neither artist had the chances of distinction afforded in other operas, and the only vocal piece repeated was the barytone arioso, "O casto fior," sung by M. Lassalle, whose vocalisation in this solo was absolutely perfect. Kaled's quaint solo, "Viaggia, o bella," might possibly have been equally successful had it been equally well sung; but it received scant justice from Mlle. Pasqua, who transposed some important passages an octave lower, and sang the air with little charm of voice or refinement of style. The soprano and contralto duet, "Sparve il sol," is a charming two-part song, but might have been better executed. All the singers were nervous, and might be expected to do greater justice to the music on a subsequent occasion. Exception must be made in favour of M. Lassalle (Scindia), who sung splendidly throughout the opera. Mlle. Turolla (Nair) acted with admirable grace and power, and sang well. Signor Gayarre exerted himself zealously, perhaps too zealously, and his anxiety to produce dramatic effect occasionally betrayed him into exaggeration. The minor characters were acceptably filled, and the choral music was admirably sung. On a second hearing of the work our first impressions may be modified; but at present we are inclined to think that it is chiefly as a spectacular opera it is likely to become attractive. The gloomy plot is not particularly interesting, and the third act, which is in a musical sense the most attractive, in a dramatic sense is the weakest. The chorus sung in this act by the "spirits of the blest" is effective, and the ballet music is sparkling, melodious, and well instrumented.

As a spectacular work *Il Re di Lahore* may rank among the greatest successes of the Royal Italian Opera. The *mise en scène* is superb, and reflects great credit on the ability of Signor Tagliafico. Beautiful new scenery has been painted by Messrs. Dayes and Caney; new and splendid costumes have been designed by M. Feignart of the Théâtre de La Monnaie, Brussels, and the graceful dances executed by Mlle. Zuechi and the Mles. Reuters have been invented and arranged by M. Hansen. Lavish liberality and good taste are evinced in every detail, and no pains have been spared to secure success. The principal artists were several times called before the curtain—a compliment also paid to Signor Tagliafico and M. Hansen, and notably to Signor Vianesi, the able conductor, to whose ability and untiring energy the success of the performance was greatly due.

Rossini's *Semiramide* was produced on Tuesday last, and Madame Adelina Patti, in the title-character, was even more successful than last year. She was enthusiastically and deservedly applauded by the large audience, who also bestowed hearty applause on Madame Scalchi (Arsace). M. Gailhard scarcely did justice to the florid music belonging to the rôle of Assur, and Signor Corsi was not a satisfactory Idreno. The overture and the orchestral accompaniments were splendidly played under the able direction of Signor Bevignani.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

With the exception of Verdi's *Aida*, none of the promised additions to the repertory of Her Majesty's Opera has been produced, but the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas is promised for Tuesday next, with a strong cast, including Mmes. Nilsson, Kellogg, and Trebelli, Signor Campanini, and M. Rondil.

Meyerbeer's pastoral opera, *Dinorah*, was produced on Monday last, with Madame Etelka Gerster in the title-character. Her voice appeared to be affected by her recent indisposition, and in the first act she was not able to do full justice to the music or to herself. In the second act she recovered her powers, and sang the "Shadow Song" with her usual brilliancy of execution. In the last act her acting and singing were excel-

lent, and elicited hearty applause from the enthusiastic though comparatively small audience. A great success was made by Mlle. Tremelli, whose vocalisation shows continuous improvement, and whose noble voice is richer than ever. She not only sang the goatherd's song, "Fanciulle che il core," with great effect, but also set a good example by retaining her rôle in the last act—singing the contralto part in the pastoral music at the beginning of the act, instead of leaving it to some less important member of the company. Signor Frapolli, as Corentino, showed more comic humour than might have been expected. M. Rondil spoiled his otherwise excellent singing by the introduction of artificial tremolo.

Mlle. Hamakers made her first appearance in England on Saturday last, as the Queen, in *Les Huguenots*. Her voice is a little worn, but her finished execution of florid music was worthy of the high reputation she has made for herself as a light soprano, and she was warmly applauded.

In Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, announced for last night, with a strong cast, Madame Marie Rose Mapleson was to make her *entrée*, as Pamina, after a long and successful tour in America.

Herr Kappey's cantata, *Per Mare, per Terram*, was performed on Monday last, at Rochester, for a charitable object. The band and chorus numbered nearly 300 performers, and the solos were sung by Miss Marian Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. W. Webster, jun. The cantata is very dramatic in character, and the orchestration is effective. We shall probably review the work ere long, and for the present it must suffice to say that it shows ability of no common order, and was warmly applauded by the large audience, who encored Mr. Lloyd in the song, "O wild is the joy of the soldier's life;" and Mr. Webster, in the arias, "How brightly shine the stars," and "Tis a lonesome thing." Herr Kappey, who conducted, was called for, and loudly cheered.

The eighth and last concert of the 67th season of the Philharmonic Society was given on Wednesday last at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. Notice is deferred until next week.

The Henry Leslie Choir will give an extra concert on Monday evening next, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. H. Leslie.

Mr. H. Farmer's oratorio, *Christ and His Soldiers*, will be performed this afternoon at St. James's Hall, under the composer's direction.

Georges Bizet's *Carmen* was announced for production at the Melbourne Opera House, May 12th, with Madame Rose Hersee in the title-character.

## THE DRAMA.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A NEW and original comedy called *Sweet Bells Jangled*, rather a silly title by the way, was given at a matinée at the Olympic on Saturday. The plot hinges upon the resemblance between twin brothers. Robert Earle marries a lady named Pauline, and going away directly afterwards on some business, the lady is persuaded that he is George Vaughan, an adventurer, who has a wife and child in England. She accordingly starts off to find them, discovers Mrs. Vaughan dying, and adopts the child, going to Jersey to wait for her husband's return. Before he comes back the real George Vaughan, who is Earle's twin brother, comes with a message from her husband, and, deceived by the likeness, she takes him for Robert, and reproaches him with leaving his wife and child. He is overwhelmed with grief at his wife's death, but omits the necessary explanation, and goes off with his child, leaving Pauline in despair. On the husband's return he finds his wife's mind completely shattered, and then occurs a scene like those in *Tears Idle Tears* and in *The Quiet Rubber*. At the doctor's suggestion the wedding bells are made to ring out again, and Pauline is persuaded that she has only just become the wife of Earle. Although it seems that she half suspects the trick, it is successful, and her recovery is complete enough to allow of the whole matter being explained to her, the mystery of the twin brothers is cleared up, and all ends happily. The dialogue is rather pompous, and the play is but a crude production; nevertheless it shows some promise. Mr. E. H. Brooke doubled the parts of the brothers, but failed to invest either with any interest. With a more competent representative of the dual rôle the comedy would go better; other parts were fairly filled. A Mr. Hastings made some remarks at the conclusion, in response to a call for the author, who he said was not in the house, in which he was very pathetic over the woes of the unacted, and after as it were pronouncing a benediction on the piece, and on his own acumen in bringing it out, he retired, leaving the audience wondering what it all meant. It was clear, however, that Mr. Hastings was satisfied, and therefore we were happy.

## CRITERION THEATRE.

A special morning performance for the benefit of Mr. H. Vaughan was given at the Criterion last Saturday, when a new comedy entitled *Mated*, by Mrs. Vaughan, was produced for the first time. The plot of the play is rather improbable, but nevertheless it has merits. Bessie Armytage is a young lady who arranges matches for her friends, but, nevertheless, has been unfortunate in her own love affairs. She had been married quite young to a man from whom she ran away on the morning of her wedding day because she heard him say she was ugly, and that he had married her out of pity. In after life she meets this husband and does not recognise him though he knows her, and she falls in love with him. In the last act he is accused of murder, but she can prove an alibi. The husband will not have her give evidence, as that would compromise her, but she insists upon doing so, and in the end the murderer is found out to be a fiendish baronet who loved her and was jealous of the husband. Thus the piece concludes happily, though the last act is rather clumsy, and would be improved by considerable curtailment. Miss Louisa Willes played the heroine very brightly and sympathetically, and Miss Meyrick, as one of the young ladies whose love affairs she takes in hand, may also be commended. Mr. G. Lash Gordon played the husband, with considerable power, but should guard against a too conventional manner. *The Marionettes* preceded the comedy, and after it Miss Genevieve Ward recited "Jean Chonan," by Victor Hugo. The one-act domestic drama, *The Last Chord*, followed, and was well played by Messrs. H. Vaughan, G. L. Gordon, Miss Marie de Grey, and Miss K. Phillips.

## LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT THE GAIETY.

The chief feature of the performances of the Comédie Française during the past week has been the production of Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*. The plot need not be detailed, as it is familiar to English playgoers, who will remember Mr. Fechter in the part of the presumptuous lackey who dares to love his queen, and though it is not a little improbable, and in English eyes ridiculous, the play is a forcible and picturesque one, and with con-

siderable faults has also many beauties. When *Ruy Blas* was revived in Paris last April it was received with transports of enthusiasm, which, however, are hardly likely to be echoed here as far as the leading character is concerned. M. Monnet-Sully was, it must be said, by no means a satisfactory *Ruy Blas*. This actor has played powerfully in other parts, but in this his violence exhausted itself, and he betrayed a disposition to rant, which left him no reserve of force to draw upon at the end of the piece. The long and most uninteresting tirade in the third act is more than enough to knock up any actor. M. Febvre was particularly successful as Don Salluste, especially in the Council Chamber scene, and his reading of the part was in many respects an original one. Never was there a better Don César than M. Coquelin. He wears his patched clothes with an indescribable air of gentility, and many points, as for instance the giving Don Salluste his purse back when he thinks it is to pay for an unworthy and disgraceful deed, was most admirably done. The hackneyed quotation *Nil tetigit quod non ornavit* might be applied with full force to M. Coquelin, and Don César must rank as one of his triumphs. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt appeared as the Queen, and though the part is one which gives the actress fewer opportunities of showing her powers than, for example, such a rôle as Doña Sol, still, Mlle. Bernhardt's acting was as powerful and impressive as of old, and she roused the audience to enthusiasm, more especially towards the end of the piece. Madame Jonassain played La Camerera, and M. Martel, Don Guritan, while M. Coquelin-Cadet and Mlle. Barretta were also included in the cast. *Ruy Blas* was repeated on Wednesday, when, as on Monday, an overflowing house testified to the popularity of the play.

## FOLLY THEATRE.

The Folly re-opened under Madame Dolaro's management last Monday, when *Lord Mayor's Day*, a new farcical comedy adapted from *La Cagnotte*, was produced for the first time. The piece is a farce in three acts, and shows us how a number of rustics come up to London with the intention of enjoying themselves, and how they get into numberless scrapes. They order an extravagant luncheon at a restaurant and protest against the bill; they are taken to a police station, from which they endeavour to escape; they visit a matrimonial agent's at which two of them have appointments, and are introduced to each other, greatly to their disgust and, at last, they are thoroughly worn out with their adventures, and return home vowing never again to visit London on Lord Mayor's Day. The farce, which needs compression, a process which, we believe, has been applied to it since the first night, is not unamusing, and was on the whole well acted by Messrs. G. W. Anson, Nicholls, Leslie, Newton, and Wyatt, and Mrs. Carter and Miss Marshall. It was followed by *The First Night*, in which Mr. Anson gave a most humorous and pathetic rendering of the part of Achille Talma Dufard, and was deservedly applauded. Madame Dolaro played the heroine very artistically and sympathetically, and sang "La Première Feuille" and another song deliciously. Her appearance in the rôle was indeed a complete success. Miss Marie de Grey acted gracefully and pleasantly as Arabella Fitz-james, and the remaining parts were satisfactorily filled. *The First Night* went capitally, and seems likely to be very popular at the Folly. The entertainments commenced with the farce *Borrowed Plumes*. A new burlesque is in active preparation, and with judicious management the bright little Folly Theatre should have a successful career before it.

*The Lyons Mail* will be revived at the Lyceum on the 4th, 5th, and 7th of this month, and *The Belts* on four nights later on.

Mr. Hare's benefit at the Court Theatre is fixed for the 19th, the end of his tenancy. Then, as he announces, he will avail himself of the opportunity of addressing a few words to the audience with the object of acquainting them with his future arrangements at the St. James's Theatre, which will open in October next under the joint management of himself and Mr. Kendal.

*The School for Scandal* will be given at the Olympic this afternoon for the benefit of Mrs. Sam Emery, who will then make her first appearance on the stage.

M. Coquelin has written to Mr. Charles Warner to say how impressed and pleased he was with the English actor's performance in *Drink*.

A new burlesque, *Venus*, which has been produced at the Royalty, is of a very nebulous character. The personal charms of the young women who play in it are more remarkable than its literary merits, while it must be said also that these ladies, who play goddesses, look much better than they act.

Mr. Edward Saker, the lessee of the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, has taken the Pavilion, Buxton, for certain days during July and August, and will produce *Mammon*, *Snowball*, *Diplomacy*, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, and other popular pieces. The season should be a success.

Much is expected from the new Folly burlesque, *Drink Without a Reade*, by Messrs. Savile Clarke and Lewis Clifton. It is said to be crammed full of eccentric ideas, which can only be attributable to inspiration or idiocy—one of the authors cannot make up his mind which; but, in any case, it is reported to be exceedingly funny.

We have received a letter concerning Mr. Bandmann's behaviour to one of his company; but as perhaps the matter is of less interest to the public than to the members of the Garrick Club, which is honoured by Mr. Bandmann's society, we have forwarded the communication to the Committee.

Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, the youngest son of the well-known manager of the Brighton Aquarium, is playing the part of Richard Hare in *Last Lynne* at the Olympic Theatre, with considerable success.

The opening chapters of a new serial tale are about to appear in the *Graphic*, under the title of "Alison Moncrieff: the Story of a Dramatist." It is from the pen of Mrs. Semple Garrett.

Owing to a very wet morning there was but a short attendance of members on Tuesday at the Gun Club Grounds at Notting Hill, when the Club Fund Cup formed the principal item for competition, the conditions being nine pigeons each, at handicap distances, added to a sweepstakes of £3 each, which produced 23 entries, the result of the last round being that Lord de Grey (30), Mr. Mellish (32), and Mr. Brown (27½) each killed all their nine birds, and in deciding it in the usual way Mr. Brown was the first to retire at the third round. Mr. Mellish failed to score his sixth bird, and Lord de Grey killing his won the pool, amounting to £55. A sporting match for £50 a side was shot previously, at 40 pigeons each, 30 yards rise, between Mr. Brown and Mr. Stuart, which proved a most exciting affair, Mr. Brown eventually winning by scoring 29 to his opponent's 28, and only winning by one bird. Sixteen members also took part in a handicap sweepstakes of £1 each, three pigeons each, which resulted in a division between Mr. Berkeley Lucy (28) and Mr. W. F. Gambier (29), each killing six after tying with five others.

## IN THE CLOUDS.

## REMINISCENCES OF A CHAIR.

Edited by SARAH BERNHARDT. Illustrated by GEORGES CLAIRIN.  
Translated by N. K.  
(Concluded.)

WHILE the balloon was thus disposed of a deep silence reigned amongst the spectators. The funeral service was being read over a party of pleasure. Then Louis Godard, putting on a solemn air—

"Listen to me, all of you," he said.

They came round him.

"Here is a sum of money which Doña Sol and Georges Clairin beg you to accept to drink to the health of M. Godard."

Men, women, and children rushed towards the speaker.

"For me, for me, sir!"

And all stretched out their hands.

"Who is the oldest amongst you?"

"I am, sir."

"No, I am!"

The children would soon have declared they were eighty years of age.

"Give me that," said a gruff voice. "I will regale them all this evening, and to-morrow we can breakfast off the leavings."

It was the one innkeeper of the village who spoke. The proposition was accepted, and the money placed in his hands. Then the little troop wished us a favourable journey, and all of them disappeared across the fields, like a band of sparrows pelted with stones. Everyone had moved to the roadside, and I remained alone in the dull and gloomy field. Doña Sol got into the carriage, when turning suddenly—

"My chair," she said; "where is my chair? I want it."

"Bah! It will make the happiness of some peasant. Leave it there," said Louis Godard.

"No, no! I love that chair. Bring it to me."

Joy made my heart beat, and although I could not quite understand the cause of this sudden tenderness, I forgot my wrongs, and began to love her again. After having looked for me for some moments, Clairin carried and put me into the carriage beside his young friend.

"Poor chair, how wet it is!" she said, whilst she dried the rain that was on me, and my tears at the same time, for I was crying like a fool. I was nervous.

The carriage they put me in was an elegant *char-a-banc*.

Doña Sol took her place at the end with Clairin beside her, and I opposite, lying on one of the seats. Louis Godard, tired out, sat opposite the solemn gentleman. The third hat had gone off on foot. The young man was on the box, driving with our wraps, provision basket, and the orphans (who had to be deposited with the shepherd beside him). The grey horse set off at a trot, leaving far behind the carriage that carried the corpse of the defunct balloon.

Conversation flagged. The rain came down unintermittently. The roads were very bad; the night was dark; not a light to be seen. It was cold; we were hungry. Some of us were dropping off to sleep, when the carriage stopped suddenly, and the young farmer, addressing himself to Doña Sol, said :

"Do you see, mademoiselle, that little hovel hidden under the birch trees? It is inhabited by a poor mad woman, rather an interesting character. She lost, twenty-two years ago, a son of about seven years of age, who had been named 'The Nightingale' by all the country round—he sang so delightfully. The unhappy mother ever since spends her whole time, winter and summer, in rain or snow, heat or frost, looking for little worms, insects, or caterpillars, with which she fills her house, and at night she goes out, calling her son, and sowing broadcast her strange crop. Listen!"

A sad, quavering voice rose through the darkness: "Nightingale! Nightingale! Nightingale! Come, little one, come!"

A shadow passed out of the wood, walked along the hedge, and entered a field, standing out against the sky like a slightly bent line. Her shoulders, half uncovered, were pelted by the rain; her arms swayed about as she sang and threw on either side her store of worms, caterpillars, and insects. The shadow disappeared in the darkness. "Nightingale! Nightingale!" still chanted the voice. Then everything was silent.

"Poor mother!" murmured the actress, drying away a tear with one finger of her daintily-gloved hand, and the carriage started again gaily.

We entered the village.

The carriage stopped before an iron gate, and the solemn gentleman got out.

"This is my house. I wish you a pleasant journey, mademoiselle! Monsieur Perrin, Monsieur Godard, I salute you," and he slowly and gravely walked away. We continued on our way. Stop! here we are at the station. All got out! The young woman took me on her arm, and we went in.

"Why, Monsieur Godard!" cried the station-master. "Ah, Mademoiselle Doña Sol!"

"Why you know us all," said Clairin.

"Ah, monsieur! I adore balloons, and am madly fond of the theatre; but come into my office, it is warmer there, and mademoiselle must be frozen"—and the kind-hearted creature brought us into his room.

"What place is this?"

"Emerainville. It was you whom I saw about seven o'clock, was it not? I thought you were coming down here."

"Ah! then it was here?" we asked.

"Yes, of course—the name of the place? I screamed it out as well as I could, but I thought you did not understand."

"Ah, monsieur is an artist," said he, seeing Clairin begin to make a sketch.

"Yes, I am a painter."

"Ah, what a delight to me to receive an artist! I adore them, sir! I adore them!"

"Is there no possibility of getting a glass of water and something to eat? I am dying of hunger and thirst," said Godard.

"Certainly; I will go and fetch it for you."

A few moments after a boy brought some bread, cheese, and a bottle of cider.

"Ah, I cannot bear cheese," said Doña Sol.

"Bah! for once you must like it," answered Clairin.

"It has a horrible smell."

"Now, come, dear lady, be unaffected! No one is looking at you!"

The young woman hit her companion with the little cane she held in her hand, and began courageously to eat the bread and cheese.

During this frugal repast the coachman had seen to the unloading of the balloon. The car, full of the wreck of the aérostat, was taken down and put into the luggage office. Poor inhabitant of the skies! imprisoned in a van, and marked with the badge of servitude, along with the other luggage.

The train was very late; but the station-master informed us it was because of the plums. Why? Impossible to explain! At last the whistle was heard; we rushed on to the platform, I still on the arm of Doña Sol. They thanked the station-

master for his hospitality. M. Clairin gave his card to the young farmer, who gave his own in exchange; and Doña Sol, walking up to M. B—, expressed her gratitude for all the services he had rendered and the kindness he had shown. We got into the railway carriage. Doña Sol put her feet on me. I kissed them with respectful gratitude. Clairin lay down on the seat opposite, and Louis Godard made himself comfortable on the other. The train started. Everyone went to sleep, and I tried as well as I could to calm the excitement that so many adventures had aroused. Only yesterday I was a common chair, dreaming impossible dreams of carpets, drawing-rooms, carriages, journeys, and since yesterday I have passed a night under a wonderful shed; I have traversed a numerous and enthusiastic crowd; I have been up in a balloon; I have remained

"No, no; don't touch my chair. Let no one touch my chair! Here, Félicie, I will entrust it to your tender mercies," said she to her lady's-maid. The young woman into whose arms I was put was a pretty brunette, intelligent and gentle, the little major-domo of the establishment. She carried me into an immense room covered with a carpet (my dream!), and full of palm-trees and strange things of all sorts. Oh, how happy I was! I looked and looked; but what was my terror to see, perched on the edge of an enormous vase, a white swan stuffed, and set up, and in the vase a great palm-tree, and on the branches of this palm-tree two monkeys, one in the arms of the other—one white, the other black—then a grey one higher up on another branch. I saw also a red and green bird with emerald wings—an enormous bat with grinning jaws, a skeleton of a cat, two parrots, a prairie-hen, and the enormous skeleton of a greyhound! What a spectacle!

This is, then, the den of this woman with the golden voice! These are her victims! I turned away my eyes in horror, but my glance fell upon several objects more appalling still. At the end of the room a small, dark staircase descended—I firmly believe to the infernal regions. In the corner there hung, suspended by a ring, a skeleton!—the skeleton of a man. This time a feeling of impotent rage seized me; I felt an irresistible impulse to rush away and tell the authorities that a crime had been committed. What do I say? Perhaps ten crimes—perhaps more. By a sudden movement I escaped from Félicie's hands, and fell to the ground. As soon as she heard the noise of my fall Doña Sol rushed forward.

"Ah, my chair—my poor chair! that I loved so much—one of its legs is broken. What a pity!"

And, truth to say, I had broken a leg. Tearing a satin bow off her dress, she tried to patch me up at once.

"What will you do with this chair, dear Madame?" asked a friend.

"I will put it into the cavern of my memories."

I looked with horror towards the mysterious staircase.

"Is the cavern a large one?" asked an old gentleman with grey hair.

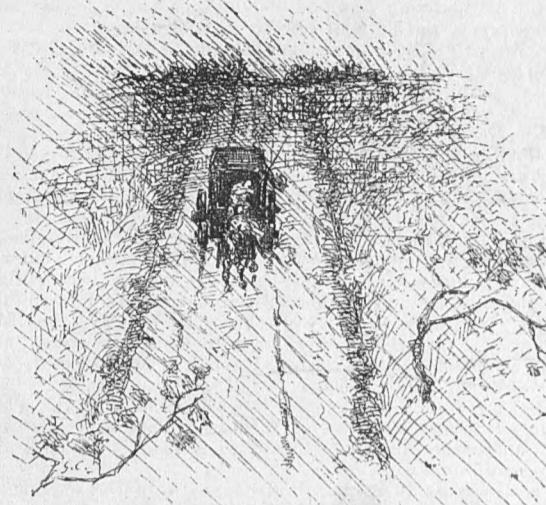
"Very large! and above the door is written: 'Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.' And now, good night, gentlemen," said Doña Sol, squeezing the hand of some, and allowing hers to be kissed by others. Everyone retired.

"Come and put me to bed, Félicie. Good-bye, my chair!"

Next day, at daybreak, she descended, dressed in boy's clothes, holding a little hammer in her hand; behind her walked the butler, husband of the pretty Félicie, carrying a box of nails, and a heap of little green packages. She knelt down before me, and with charming deftness inserted twenty-two gilt-headed nails into my bosom, and suspended on them a medal, on which was written these words: "Souvenir of my as ent in Mr. Henry Giffard's great captive balloon."

Ever since then I stand in my corner, mute witness of many curious things. My feet rest on a soft Eastern carpet; my well-kept rushes shine in the sun. In consequence of my broken leg and chest covered with medals, I have been named L'Invalide. My wildest dreams have been realised. I ought to be happy, and still I cannot help singing, in company with Béranger—

Combien je regrette  
Mon bois si dodu,  
Ma jambe bien faite  
Et le temps perdu!



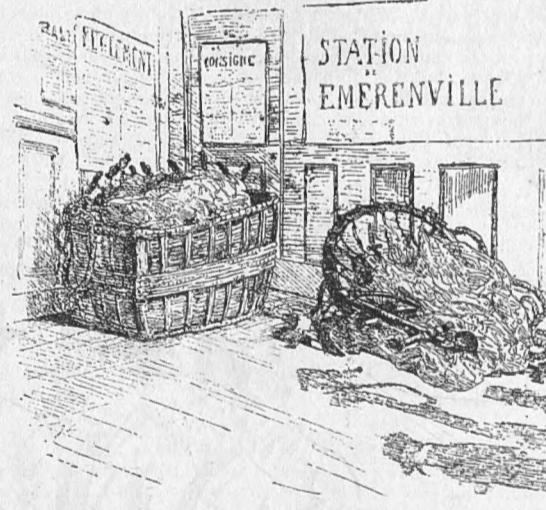
"The grey horse set off at a trot, leaving far behind the carriage that carried the corpse of the defunct balloon."

an hour in a field where a horrible crime had been committed; I had been in a carriage; I have seen a mad woman; and now! I am in a railway train! What will happen next? Oh, Madonna della Seggiola, protect me!

I went to sleep. How long my sleep lasted I know not. Here we are at Paris. The travellers get out, each takes a parcel; Doña Sol keeps me on her arm. My temples throbbed so that the wood cracked. I trembled—Oh, how I trembled! They engaged two cabs. The young actress got into one alone with me.

"As to you," said she to Clairin and Godard, "go round and reassure all your friends; and, good night."

Messrs. Giffard, Tissandier, and Godard had made the travellers promise to let them know the result of the descent as soon as they possibly could. And as the telegraph offices were closed after nine o'clock in the uncivilised districts surrounding Paris they were without news of any kind. So the two young men set off gaily to keep their promise, in spite of the lateness of the hour and their great fatigue. And, now, behold me in a carriage with my friend. Off we go! Where to? Where to? We drive along for half an hour, and the cab enters a wide avenue, at last,



"Poor inhabitant of the skies."

bordered with trees. The young woman bends forward, stops the coachman brusquely, and tells him to proceed at a walk. She laughed to herself, and uttered little half-broken exclamations: "Ah, ah! He also. Ah, and he! What! that one also—and that other. Why, they are all mad."

I stretched up to see. A shadow passed, casting a searching look into the cab. Another shadow walked nervously away to the right, striking the pavement with his cane. A number of shadows further on make despairing gestures. On we go, surrounded by shadows. I tremble all over; still we advance. In front we see a house lighted up, the lamps shining through a veil of ivy. On the terrace stand a number of women, men, children, and dogs, gazing out eagerly. Doña Sol laughs until she cries. The carriage turns a corner. It stops at the gate of the ivy-clad house. A frightful noise disturbs the stillness of the night. The shadows rush and push against one another. The terrace is deserted; the women and children scream, the dogs bark, the whole street is aroused, the police are put on their guard.

"Is this all? Have you nothing more belonging to you? Weren't you cold?"

A lady of about forty years of age advances. She is very pale. "You have caused us a great deal of anxiety, my dear child," she said, in a soft gentle voice.

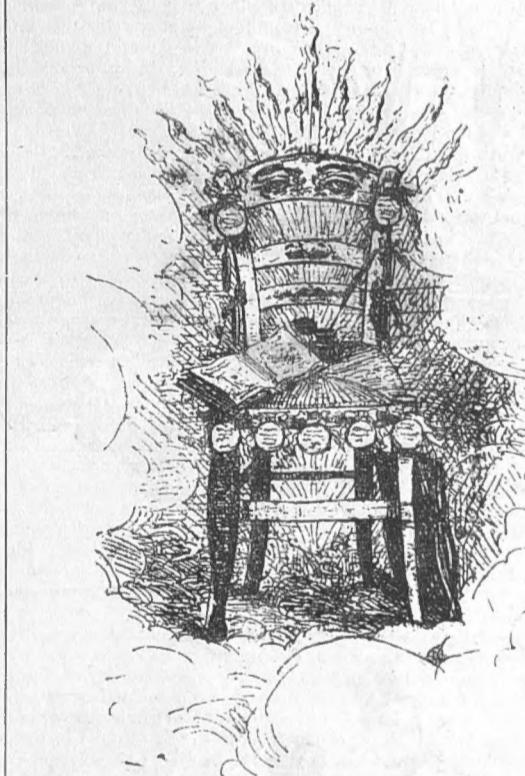
"Dear Mme. Guérard, pray be comforted; I am not hurt in any way, and amused myself so much," said Doña Sol, embracing her affectionately. Then, gently disengaging herself from their embraces, she implored them all to let her get to her rest.

"But leave this chair," said a gentleman, trying to take me,

We have received some very excellent photographs of the late Prince Imperial, taken shortly before his departure for South Africa, by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street.

**THE HORSE GENERAL PEEL.**—In answer to some remarks made in the *Times*, the purchasers of General Peel, Rapid Rhone, and Brother to Rapid Rhone, writes: "As your correspondent who reported the sale of the Hampton Court yearlings on Saturday appears apprehensive that General Peel may have fallen into bad hands, or, as he expresses it, be destined to 'end his days in slavery'—an aspersion on my character which I hope may never be warranted—permit me to say that if your correspondent will kindly pay a visit to Laughton, Roscrea, Ireland, he will find two more of the late Lord Glasgow's celebrated stud—viz., Brother to Strafford and Brother to Rapid Rhone, a pair to which General Peel will now be added, and form a trio of which we in that country are not a little proud. At Nanhoron, Pwllheli, North Wales, he will find Rapid Rhone; he will be better able to judge whether General Peel is destined for a 'life of slavery.' Ireland has some features of which she is justly proud, her hunters, steeplechasers, and their sires being among the number. General Peel will be a star not likely to dim the brilliancy of the halo which I trust may always surround them."

**Dogs.—NALDIRE'S TABLET.**—A Medicated Soap for washing Dogs (Prize Medal, Paris Exhibition), destroys Fleas, cleanses the Skin, and improves the coat and health of the dog. Price 1s. of all Chemists, Grocers, and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]





HORTICULTURAL SHOW AT RICHMOND.



## TURFIANA.

OUR contemporary *The World* is deserving of the best and warmest thanks on the part of all true lovers of racing for its scathing article on the Phénix case, which we commend to the careful study of the "signatory powers" of Ascot. It is evident that a sore has been opened which it will take a very long time to heal properly, while the scar will remain for ever, indicating the locality of as foul a blot upon our racing administration as it is possible to conceive. Many appear to have fondly imagined that Mr. Naylor's letter to the Jockey Club would have borne some fruit; but perhaps the owner of Chattanooga and Wild Briar was not exactly a champion to be placed in the forefront, when the attack was to be led against "suspicious circumstances," and we had hoped that Lord Falmouth, or some other really high-minded and influential sportsman, might have taken the matter up. This attempt to excuse and gloss over as glaring a turf scandal as ever brought racing into disrepute is utterly unworthy of the exalted names which we find appended to the declaration of the Stewards; and we trust there is yet some hope of an explanation from the ruling powers, unless, indeed, they remain as utterly deaf to public opinion as they at present seem to be regardless of the stigma attaching to their honour and their good name. Their action, or it should rather be said their inaction, in a matter like the Phénix fiasco, is one of those unfortunate occurrences exactly calculated to arouse the spirit of Parliamentary interference, and to put in motion machinery for taking the legislative power out of the hands in which it now resides, and which we have over and over again been told, is amply strong enough to originate and to carry out internal reforms. Henceforth, amateur legislators of the Anderson type are likely to become more numerous than ever, and, moreover, they will enlist public sympathy to a greater extent than heretofore, confidence in the Jockey Club having been so rudely shaken by the recent lamentable *exposé*. Are there no shoulders broad and sturdy enough to bear the mantle of the gallant old tar—so long at the helm of the good ship of sport?

The last day's racing at Newcastle proved fully equal in point of interest to its predecessors, and here we may remark incidentally that the full onus of supporting the gathering by the banks o' Tyne was imposed upon the Northern stables, the controllers of which were fully equal to the occasion, and that they showed up in such good strength was, we confidently believe, owing to the fact of racing not being so much overdone in the vicinity of the Yorkshire and other stables north of Trent. These homes of the thoroughbred may, at the present time, contain no such cracks as of yore, but we only wait for a turn in the tide to revive the ancient glories of Tugill, Ashgill, and Malton, and may the time not be far distant when more of the great races shall fall to their share! The pleasures of success will none the less be keenly relished because so long deferred, and in the meantime those who deserve to succeed have only to labour and to wait. At Newcastle on Thursday, Constantine cantered away with the Handicap, the winner being a scion of the famous "Agnes" family; and the race for the Lambton Plate was well contested by the two favourites, Mollusca and Begging Friar, the Malton-bred one winning only by a head. The rich Seaton Delaval Stakes tempted Fire King from Newmarket to cast in his lot with the juveniles of the North, and having performed creditably in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, Lord Hastings' fine-looking youngster had a big following, but he got badly off, and had to put up with second place to the Tyro filly, one of the Osbornes' lot, and which was allowed to start at the healthy odds of 33 to 1! Humber, if we mistake not is the first winner by Paladin, and out of St. Laurence, one of Mr. Marshall's numerous "rivers," won for his breeder the Freemen's Plate; Mr. Cordner had another turn with Oldbuck in the Grand Stand Selling Plate, and the Stewards' Cup fell to Leven, beating the more fancied Rowan, who could only get third to the winner and Glenara—Mr. Stevenson thus pulling off two of the principal events on the card.

Stockbridge was as quiet and select, if not as enjoyable as ever, and the management all that could be desired; while the list of animals was an imposing one, quality as well as quantity being amply represented. Archer brought home the useful St. Cuthbert in front of Telephone and Cato in the Andover Stakes, the winner sharing the part of second favourite with the Danebury cast-off, Mr. Dodd. The owner of the latter, however, was determined to see of what kind of stuff his new purchase was made, and had him stripped again for the Beaufort Handicap, which he won easily from The Reeve and Silver Cloud, all three starting at outside prices. The form of Essayez II. with Unicorn and Vanderbilt in the All-Aged Plate was good enough to induce his owner to buy him for 500 guineas; and then came the Stockbridge Cup, invested with some of its ancient prestige by the field which it attracted to the post. Lollypop, Placida, Silvio, Avontes, and Kaleidoscope were the runners, and all were backed in the order of their names as given above, but the big chestnut was in trouble at the distance, where Silvio likewise cried a go, leaving Avontes and Placida to finish a pretty race home, which Mr. Crawfurd's horse won by a neck, and it will be noted that the pair both performed creditably at Ascot. In the Danebury Plate Rosierucian added yet another to his list of winners this year in Larina, who beat Despotism by a head after a slashing race; and Mr. Gretton did well to claim the winner, who is out of the Ascot Stakes winner, Zenobia, and was bred at Middle Park. It is refreshing to find Mr. Savile with such a smart nag as The Proctor (who is a credit to "little Lecturer"), and there must be some real good stuff in him, for he made no bones of giving the Wild Flower colt 5 lbs. and a handsome beating; while Lanjaron and Evasion were both "beaten to blazes," and it is evident the Duke of Westminster's grand-looking filly is not such a "nugget" as she was considered at home. Warrior seems to improve every time he runs, and cantered home for the Johnstone Plate the easiest of winners, though it may be doubted whether he can comfortably compass a longer distance than three-quarters of a mile.

Friday's card at Stockbridge contained fewer items of sport than usual, and may be said to have foreshadowed a "gigantic benefit" for Lord Anglesey, who saw his colours carried first past the post in three events out of five. Wyndham, in Mr. Willoughby's hands, ran away with the Wallop Plate from Silvercloud and Blue Mountain, both steered by professionals; and the rather mean-looking Emanuela had little difficulty in "putting out the light" of Incendiary in the Troy Stakes, the latter cutting up very indifferently after his highly respectable performance at Manchester. Marc Antony has come on wonderfully since he made his first bow to a racing audience, and everyone was glad to see the Hurstbourne Stakes fall to so good a sportsman as Mr. Savile by the aid of the slashing son of Julius, who speedily deposed Spring Captain from the post of first favourite, and finally fought out the issue successfully with Mr. Craufurd's Heather Bell colt, a fairish sort of youngster, but not so promising as the "noble Roman." There was nothing to choose between Caxtonian and Abbot of St. Mary's for the Biennial; but it was soon evident that Lord Anglesey's colt had the speed of everything, and he came away when called upon, winning by a length. For the Anglesey Plate Dunmow was served up very

hot, and nothing troubled him but Lanette, who, however, could only just reach his neck, with Rapine filly third; and so the curtain fell upon the Hampshire week of 1879.

It is to be hoped the Drumhead and Briglia match will set the fashion of horses being matched, owners up, as we sadly need something piquant to break the monotony of hundred-pound plates, petty sweepstakes, and selling races, which form the padding of programmes at Newmarket. There are great complaints of the scarcity of good jockeys nowadays, and the *patrias conscripti* of the turf would do well to set an example of "noble horsemanship" to the rising talent among knights of the pigskin.

As regards the day's doings at Middle Park on Saturday, we are almost in the position of Canning's knife grinder, having only a very short story to tell about the projected sale. Out of fifty-eight lots only about a dozen changed hands during the afternoon, and but two of them hailed from the home-establishment, and one a grey Arab stallion, so that the return of blood stock sold was absolutely one. Mr. Hoare parted with his pair, and so did Mr. Snewing and Mr. Cowie, the last named selling a couple of yearlings out of six catalogued; and some odd lots also changed hands. We never assisted at a more mournful ceremony, for in place of crowded yards and luncheon tents overflowing with guests, "loafers and copers" made up the majority of those going the round of the boxes, and empty benches were the order of the day when "feeding time" came. It was melancholy to see such a change come over the old place, but in order to account for such a state of things, it must be borne in mind, that the sale was got up on the shortest of notice, that the racing clans were mostly absent in Hampshire, and that reserve prices were appended to each lot in the catalogue belonging to Mr. Blenkiron. Some one suggested that on the next occasion the sale should be by "Dutch auction," like transactions in fish at Billingsgate; but we fancy that reserves, of whatever nature, invariably have the effect of frightening away bidders, who like to have some fun for their money, and to court the "glorious uncertainty," which has charms for all speculative minds. Breeders must be supposed to know their own business best, but it seems to us impolitic, in these days of depression, to place prices on yearlings which they could only be expected to realise in more prosperous times. We fancy it will take an exceptionally good yearling to reach four figures this year, and that he will be lucky among breeders who can boast to have attained an average of 250gs.

## SKYLARK.

The remainder of this article had not arrived at the time of going to press.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

THOSE who journeyed to Lord's on Monday last were in ecstacies over the weather. "Well, old boy, we have summer at last" was the tenor of conversation in nearly every instance, and an enjoyable Oxford v. Cambridge match was looked forward to by everyone. Fate ordained otherwise, however, as on Tuesday rain fell so heavily that no play could take place.

With some disgust, if I may so term my feelings, I proceed to discuss the match. Looser fielding I have seldom seen, and it really is a disgrace to the youths of the two Universities to find that they have given so little attention to that portion of the game. Nowadays the main endeavour of cricketers is to get a big batting or bowling average; but in my cricketing days we thought more of cleverly putting down a wicket, or making a smart catch, than of compiling a big score.

Such grand form has this season been shown by the Light Blues that they were strong favourites, and they justified the confidence shown in them by winning with considerable ease. Oxford went in first and added up 149, out of which Heath, who played some grand cricket, made 45, and Hirst 35. Cambridge then followed on, and at the end of the first day's play had made 155 for five wickets, the Hon. A. Lyttelton being answerable for 53, Whitfield for 31, and A. G. Steel being not out 34. Rain, as I have stated above, stopped play on Tuesday; but to-day (Wednesday) proved more favourable, although two heavy storms were not very highly appreciated. Steel showed good form, and ran together 64 before he was prettily caught at mid off; but the remainder of the team did but little, the innings closing for 198. Oxford following on did very badly, only making 64, the solitary double figure scorer being A. D. Greene with 20.

In this innings A. G. Steel had a fine bowling analysis, as he bowled 38 overs for 23 runs, taking seven wickets. No fewer than six of the Dark Blues were caught out. After the rain had threatened to put a stop to the match, at half-past four, Cambridge, with but 16 runs to get, sent in Messrs. Morton and Whitfield, and the former soon retired, being dismissed by Mr. Thornton's fourth ball. The Cantab Captain then came in and helped Whitfield to obtain the required runs.

Cambridge are now one match ahead, having won 22 to Oxford's 21.

Very tame was the Yorks v. Notts match at Sheffield this week, the "lambs" being defeated by nine wickets, Ulyett coming out well with a finely played 81. Scores:—Yorks, 180 and 18; Notts, 117 and 79.

Something like a good company turned up at the Oval to witness the Surrey v. Middlesex match, and after some good play the latter won by six wickets. For the winners, T. S. Pearson, 78 and 15; A. J. Webbe, 40 and 4; and J. D. Walker, 19 and 58, showed really good cricket; whilst on behalf of the losers, Jupp 50 and 47, and A. P. Lucas 62 and 17, were especially conspicuous.

Eighteen of the Broughton Club were unable to make anything like a stand against the United North of England at Manchester on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last, the Eleven winning by an innings and 13 runs, Barlow 27, Ulyett 36, W. Oscroft, Shrewsbury, and Selby 23 each, and Emmett 24, all being useful with the bat. Full scores:—The Eleven, 178; the Eighteen, 100 and 56. Emmett took nine wickets, Barlow five, Hill eight, and Bates ten.

*In memoriam.* Thomas W. Box, son of the old Sussex wicket-keeper, who died on Sunday, June 29, of consumption.

Past versus Present matches have since my last been played at both Cheltenham and Rugby. At the first-named the Past won an exciting game by one run, but at Rugby the Present were enabled to score a very easy win by an innings and eighteen runs.

For the fiftieth time the rival schools of Eton and Winchester met on Friday and Saturday last in friendly rivalry, victory attending the Etonians, who won by 45 runs. H. N. Wade for Winchester with a "duck" in his first innings, and 44 not out in the second, was top-scorer of both sides. Full scores—Eton, 75 and 148; Winchester, 34 and 144. Eton have won 33 and Winchester 15 matches; that in 1845 resulted in a tie, whilst in 1865 the end was a draw.

Repton School, after a closely contested match, beat Malvern College by fifteen runs, but big scores were not obtainable owing to the state of the ground. Repton made 65 and 61, and Malvern 29 and 32. F. R. Marriott on behalf of the winners being highest individual scorer with 25.

Richmond made a poor show at the Old Deer Park to-day

(Wednesday) against the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, as they obtained only 50 against 136, J. R. Wood for the Tykes contributing exactly the score made by the losers.

Thanks to a well-played 58 by Captain Bruce, supplemented by 35 from Lord E. Hamilton, the Aldershot division gave the Household Brigade a rare beating at Lord's to-day; they made 173 against 81.

Several matches I am constrained to omit this week.

H. D. Thomas, with five seconds start, won a two miles and a quarter handicap of the Blackheath Harriers, on Tuesday evening, by five yards, from A. H. Davies, the scratch man; W. W. Davis, 15secs, being third; E. C. L. Burgess, 45secs, fourth; and F. W. Firminger, 30secs, fifth. There will be a summer run of the club on July 21, the meet being the Green Man Hotel, Blackheath Hill, at 7 p.m. sharp.

At the Kings Lynn and West Norfolk sports to-day (Wednesday) I hear by wire the Londoners were fairly in it. H. L. Cortis took the Three Mile Bicycle Handicap, from scratch; H. Crossley the Hurdles, owing nine yards; and C. L. O'Malley the 1,000 yard race for the Sandringham Challenge Cup, Crossley being also second in the Hundred, and O'Malley third in the Mile Handicaps, both starting from scratch.

With 85 yards start, J. J. Archer, of the Spartans, won the One Mile Handicap in 4min 26 1/5thsecs, at the United Hospitals Sports to-day. As he won very easily by ten yards, I am at a loss to discover what handicappers think a scratch man ought to do.

My remarks anent handicapping in the last paragraph will also stand good over the London A. C. meeting, last Saturday. W. C. Wilkinson, 39 yards start, won the Quarter of a Mile Handicap by fifteen yards in 48 4/5secs; F. Jarvis, of the L. A. C., won the Open Hundred off the 6 yards mark in 10 1/5secs; W. Y. Winthrop the Weight Putting at 35ft 5 1/2in.; H. L. Cortis the Three Miles Bicycle Handicap, from scratch; Winthrop the Hammer Throwing, at 97ft 3in; F. G. Nott-Bower and F. G. Wood tied in the High Jump at 5ft 5in; Lockton took the Wide Jump at 21 ft 1in; H. Hardy, L. A. C., 4min 20secs start; the Three Miles Walk in 24min 28secs; and A. H. Davies, Blackheath Harriers, 95 yards, the One-and-a-Half Mile Handicap in 7min 10secs.

I paid a visit to Surbiton on Monday evening to witness a swimming handicap promoted by that old-established and influential Society, the Ilex S.C. Lyons, O'Malley, and T. Wheeler were also all there as starter, judge, and handicappers; and a fine race it was, the result being as follows:—W. Spall, Surbiton, 60sec start, first; W. Peacock, Ilex, 38, second; H. E. Pears, Cambridge University, 20, †; T. A. E. Wheeler, Surbiton, 30, †; G. T. B. Cobbett, Ilex, 30, 0; H. Davenport, Ilex, scratch, 0; F. E. Odell, Vesta R.C., 5, 0; F. Butler, 33, 0; G. Howe, Surbiton, 30, 0; Albert Ripley, Surbiton, 45, 0. Won by a yard, half a yard separating Peacock from the dead-heaters, with Cobbett close up fifth. Time, 6min 48 1/5 sec.

A great success was the first meeting of the Druids' Bicycle Club, on Saturday, at Lillie Bridge. F. K. Laver, 350 yards, won the Club Five Miles Handicap; A. Pritchard, 190 yards, the Novices Mile; and B. Secretan the Slow Race. There was a monster entry for the Open One Mile Handicap, which fell to H. V. Cleaver, London B.C., 150 yards, by 2 yards, from S. Kemp, Pickwick, 140 yards. I was very glad to see Cortis beaten into fourth place, as he proved himself a regular pot hunter, on Saturday running to and fro from Lillie to Stamford, and I should have been still more pleased had he lost the L.A.C. race.

Henley Regatta was certainly not a success this year, not one solitary close race being rowed. Jesus College, Cambridge, won the Grand Challenge all the way by a length and a half; Lady Margaret, Cambridge, the Visitors' Challenge, by the same distance; Labat and Gulston, the Goblets, "in a walk"; London, the Wyfold, by quite a hundred yards; Lowndes, the Diamonds, as he pleased; Cheltenham, the Public Schools' Challenge Cup; Twickenham, the Thames Challenge; Jesus, Cambridge, the Stewards' Challenge Cup; and Wargrave, the Town Challenge Cup.

At Marlow, on Saturday, A. L. Salmon, Kingston R.C., won the Senior Sculls; and A. G. Churchill, Weybridge, the Junior. Bath, Avon, took the Senior Fours, being unopposed in the final; Twickenham won the Grand Challenge, and Maidenhead the Town Challenge.

Thames will long remember the Henley and Marlow Regattas of 1879. They never won a single event at either, and were scarcely amiable afterwards. They, however, ought to have had that Henley objection decided in their favour. Mr. Chambers was decidedly wrong, and the committee, although acknowledging that "it was Mr. Chambers' mistake," coolly washed their hands, and gave against the objectors.

The Otter Swimming Club decided the second contest held this season for the Ladies' Challenge Cup on Tuesday last, and the result was thus:—Handicap, eight lengths (196 yards).—Heat 1: E. L. Cleaver, 28sec, first; C. Newman, 20sec, second; W. R. Sewell, 30sec, third; A. H. Burton, 9sec. Won by three yards; a touch between second and third. Time, 3min 18sec. Heat 2: C. E. Macrae, 30sec, first; H. Cheeswright, 26sec, 0. Won by three yards. Time, 3min 21sec. Heat 3: J. J. Rope, 10sec, first; H. P. Gardner, 24sec, second; A. P. Stokes, 5sec, 0. A splendid finish, won by a yard. Time, 3min 3sec. Heat 4: G. H. Rope, 35sec, first; T. Heath, 12sec, 0. An easy win. Time, 3min 25sec. Final Heat: Macrae, first; G. H. Rope, second; Cleaver, third; J. J. Rope, 0. Macrae and G. Rope made a splendid race of it for six lengths, when the former drew slightly ahead; Rope then spurted. Macrae, however, answered well, and having the most left, landed by two yards. Cleaver came up in the last length, but Rope saved second honours by a touch. J. J. Rope swam well, and was only two yards behind the third man. Time, 3 min 20sec. Mr. H. J. Green was handicapper and starter, and Mr. C. Hammond judge. There is a novice race for decision next Tuesday.

The Lawn Tennis Championship at Hendon is progressing as I write, and will receive full attention next week.

## EXON.

Mrs.— of 105, Eaton-place, Belgravia, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.]

Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurvy from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name SOZODONT on the box, label, and bottle.—ADVT.

## REVIEWS.

*The Life of Charles James Mathews, chiefly Autobiographical, with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches.* Edited by CHARLES DICKENS.—In two volumes, with Portraits. London: Macmillan and Co., 1879.

INTERESTING as much of this book most unquestionably is, we must confess to closing the second of the two large volumes with some feeling of disappointment—there was so much to tell of Charles Mathews, and this Life seems to tell so little of it. A more delightful companion than the subject of the work can hardly be imagined, and a Life of him should properly have been much more rich in the anecdotes which he told, and in the description of scenes in which he figured. A single evening spent in his company left so many pleasant and humorous memories that the record of all the evenings and mornings of his life will seem to those who knew Charles Mathews—and probably to those who did not—to be scanty, and to do him less than justice. We want to know more of Charles Mathews the actor, of the pieces in which he played, and the people with whom he was associated. There is, however, too much correspondence, and amusing as nearly all of the letters are when written by him, and interesting when written to him, there is a certain sameness about the many pages devoted to the epistles he exchanged with friends and relatives. It is not until the third chapter of the second volume that we find Charles Mathews started as an actor, and the last forty-four years of his life have, therefore, to be compressed into the rest of the space. To make room for more incidents of his public career we would gladly have sacrificed much that appears in the first volume—especially the Welsh letters—and there is still room for a book on the public life of Charles Mathews, if anyone who was intimately acquainted with this most popular comedian were forthcoming to undertake it.

Charles James Mathews was born on the 26th of December, 1803, in a house near to the theatre in Liverpool, where his father and mother were engaged, and in due course was sent to the Merchant Taylors' School, where his father had been educated before him. He was placed in the house of the Rev. Mr. Cherry, the head-master; and from a dignified letter written by the boy's father to Mr. Cherry it would seem that the selection was by no means fortunate. If the inferences of the letter are true, Mr. Cherry was utterly unfit to hold the position he had secured, and young Charles was removed by his parents at very short notice. Dr. Richardson, the lexicographer, then undertook the care of the boy, and of this master Charles Mathews speaks in the most affectionate terms. It was determined that the boy should be a clergymen—not that his father had any objection to his being an actor, but simply because, as it appears, Charles had no particular fancy for the profession, and it was thought necessary to educate him with some definite object. Afterwards, however, Charles showed a preference for architecture, and was articled accordingly to Pugin, the pioneer of the Gothic revival.

Charles Mathews, sen., reckoned among his many friends Lord Blessington, and, anxious to help the budding young architect, his lordship determined to build a house in Ireland, whither he took Charles, jun., to inspect the site and arrange the plans. So pleasant did Lord and Lady Blessington find the young man's society that they invited him to go and spend a year with them in Italy; and from the Palazzo Belvedere, Naples, many of Charles Mathews' letters were written. Count d'Orsay was also domesticated at the Palazzo, and the friendship between the afterwards famous Count and equally famous actor was for a time interrupted by a quarrel which nearly resulted in a duel. The challenge was given and accepted, but through the interposition of friends the affair was smoothed over in a manner equally creditable to all concerned. Another of his friends was a young Sicilian nobleman, Gigi Pereir, of whom an amusing story is related.

"After losing thousands upon English racecourses, he had finished up his career at roulette and roulette, and had returned to his native Sicily without a sou. When I first met him at Naples he was as full of fun and frolic as if he had just won a fortune instead of lost one, and talked about his escapades with the greatest gusto. Over the gate of his palazzo, two miles from Palermo, he had inscribed in gold letters the celebrated despatch of François I.: 'Tout est perdu pour l'honneur.' I suggested that a more appropriate inscription under the circumstances would be, 'Rien ne va plus,' which alteration he swore he would adopt, and was quite capable of doing. He told me that on his last day at Epsom he had lost an awful sum to an American, and confessed to him candidly that he could not pay. The American of course thought he was joking, but replied seriously: 'Oh, you can't pay, can't you? Well, we shall see. But I tell you this—if you present yourself at Tattersall's on Monday without the money I shoot you at sight. What do you say to that?' 'Nothing,' said Gigi, 'but that it would be more convenient to me if, instead of at sight, you could make it at three or six months.'

One of the letters given in the volumes describes, for his mother's edification, a visit paid to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford:

"I was fixed by some enchantment within the walls of the library, without the power of stirring from it. It is one of the most beautiful things of the kind I ever saw. It is in imitation of those fine old oak chambers that Sir Walter is so fond of describing in his works, with a bold groined ceiling, also of oak, very much enriched with carved pendants and bosses, studded with ornaments and grotesque figures selected from the Abbeys of Roslyn and Melrose. The bookcases are in the same character and material, and I fancy contain a pretty tolerable library. On the south side of the room is a very elegant oriel window, called oriel, of course, on account of its situation, breaking the room into one of those spacious and fanciful recesses that give such character to the architecture of the time. In one corner of the room I found several translations in French and Italian of the Waverley Novels, with his name to them. Next to this room, and separated by double doors, is the small study to which no one is allowed access but by his own desire. He took me into it, being an architect, to show me his comforts, and there I saw a mysterious sable ebony bureau! doubtless containing the steam-engine, loom, water-wheels, or whatever machinery it may be with which he manufactures the patent novels. I took particular notice of everything in the room, and, if he had left me there, should certainly have read all his notes. On the table and about the floor lay several volumes of the *Moniteur*, and other French *journeaux*, and pamphlets with which he is assisting himself in his 'Life of Bonaparte'; at least so I conjectured, for he did not himself say anything about it. On the rug lay two thick sturdy MS. quartos, with blotting paper peeping out of each; and I certainly would have given a shilling to have opened them only for one moment, but I did not attempt it, as I thought Sir Walter might think it rude, and I knew he was not a man to receive money for it, so I reluctantly abandoned the notion. Divided from the study by a corridor is the hall, or armoury, which is his particular hobby, and done under his own immediate direction, which is all I need say to convince you of its being quite perfect. All the rooms in the house, dining-room, drawing-room, &c., &c., are equally perfect in their peculiar

styles. In short, all is enchantment where he is, and the whole house is a 'Romance by the author of Waverley.'

Meantime, though he had so far succeeded in his profession of architect as to get the appointment of District Surveyor of Bow, Charles Mathews had been writing parts of entertainments for his father, songs, &c., and must have shown a disposition to try an actor's life, as a letter written by his friend Miss Julia Macdonald clearly proves:

"And so you have given up all your friends and turned actor after all, my dear Charles Mathews. Well! it only just shows that one should not 'put one's faith in any son of man.' I disbelieved Miss Stephens's note, I would not hear of its being true. I contradicted George Tierney flatly, I jumped down everybody's throat, and took off everybody's head, till the first morning I read it in the paper, and then I own I was thunderstruck.

You will act beautifully I have no doubt; and your success as far as that goes I have no fears of; and I dare say you will become rich one of these days, and get a great deal of money in the meanwhile. This will perhaps make up to you for anything else—I mean for the many drawbacks your new profession entails with it. There were many who envied you the position that your father's high character, the education he had given you, and your own brilliant talents, had placed you in amongst the most distinguished in this country. Some were your own friends (Landseer, for instance), and some were great folks who were angry at your being admitted into the same intimacy as themselves. These two sets, to be ill-natured to you (and as if to provoke us), always said, 'You'll see Charles Mathews will end by acting,' and I defended the idea most warmly. But, cher ami, if you *would* act, why not act 'at home' like your poor father, which is a higher walk? and why Madame V.—? and why a minor theatre? I shall ever feel the deepest interest in hearing of the applause of which you are secure; but it will be long before I can make up my mind to go and see you in any other character than Charles Mathews, that we have known so long and liked so much."

Nevertheless the public at once took to the son of the old favourite. It was on the 6th of November, 1835, that his first appearance was made at the Olympic, under the management of Madame Vestris, the pieces chosen having been his own *Hump-backed Lover*, and a farce by Leman Rede, called *The Old and Young Stager*. Liston spoke an address written for the occasion. "I need not enter into particulars of my progress, as they are too well known to need recapitulation," Charles Mathews writes, but here we entirely differ from him. Such details would have been of the highest interest, and if he omitted to furnish them the editor of the volume should certainly have taken pains to collect them.

In 1838 Charles Mathews was married to Madame Vestris, then six years his senior, and, in accordance with the proverb, his troubles began. They took Covent Garden, and though most of the pieces were successful, and they themselves remarkably popular, the expenses were greater than the receipts. Mathews accumulated a load of debt, and hard as he worked could not discharge his liabilities. One evening, just as he was about to go to the theatre at Preston, he was arrested and taken to Lancaster Castle, where he was detained for a month and treated much like a felon, in accordance with the fashion of the times. Of his release he has a story to tell:

"Away I flew to the railway, and jumped into a train which was just starting. And lucky it was that I was so prompt, for an honour was in store for me that I little dreamt of, as I learnt afterwards that my liberation was to have been marked with public recognition, and that a band of music had been engaged to convey me to the station in triumph. I was grateful to have escaped the elevation to such bad eminence. As we rattled by the Castle walls a rosy, smiling gentleman opposite me playfully observed: 'That's where Charley Mathews is confined.' 'Really!' said a sympathising female; 'poor fellow!' 'Poor fellow!' said the jolly gentleman, with a gingerbread-nut in his mouth; 'not at all. He revels in it. Lord bless you, he has been in every prison in England!' I need not say I did not immediately introduce myself."

A few days after his return home his wife died, and Charles Mathews devoted himself more assiduously than ever to his profession. His visits to America and Australia, together with his French performances in Paris, are treated, though at less length than they deserve, and some criticisms are given. The editor deserves credit for the pains he has taken to compile an index, but it is to be wished that he had been able to devote more time and labour to the work. There was, in fact, sufficient matter for a third volume, or for a considerable increase in the amount of matter contained in the other two, and we miss much that we expected to find. The book, however, is one which will certainly be read and approved. The faults are almost entirely faults of omission, and it is rather a compliment than a slight to Mr. Charles Dickens, the editor, to say that we are sorry he is too brief.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## STOCKBRIDGE MEETING.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27.

WALLOP PLATE.—Mr. S. Western's Hyndland (Hon. E. Willoughby), 1; Silvercloud, 2; Blue Mountain, 3. 4 ran.

TROY STAKES.—Lord Anglesey's Emmanuela (T. Cannon), 1; Incendiary, 2. 2 ran.

HURSTHORNE STAKES.—Mr. Savile's Marc Antony (Goater), 1; Heather Bell colt, 2; Early Morn, 3. 5 ran.

SECOND YEAR of the TWENTIETH BIENNIAL STAKES.—Lord Anglesey's Caxtonian (T. Cannon), 1; Abbot of St. Mary's, 2; Lipscombe, 3. 3 ran.

ANGLESEY PLATE.—Lord Anglesey's Dunmow (G. Fordham), 1; Lunette, 2; Rapine filly, 3. 7 ran.

The SELLING PLATE did not fill.

## NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE TRIAL PLATE.—Mr. F. Gretton's Dominica (Greaves), 1; Misener, 2; St. Cuthbert, 3. 4 ran.

SELLING PLATE.—Duke of Westminster's Morier (F. Archer), 1; High Priest, 2; Howdie, 3. 7 ran.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S CUP.—Lord Stratford's Gil Blas (C. Wood), 1; Silverstreak, 2; Valentino, 3. 15 ran.

THE VISITORS' PLATE.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Cagliostro (Morbo), 1; Royal, 2; Tower and Sword, 3. 8 ran.

SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Rayner's Laverstoke colt (J. Goater), 1; Returns, 2; Troy, 3. 7 ran.

THE JULY STAKES of 50 sovs each, 30 ft, for two-yr-olds; colts, 8st 12lb; fillies, 8st 9lb; the second to receive back stake. New T.Y.C. Fifty-three subs.

Prince Soltykoff's Mask, by Carnival—Meteor, 8st 12lb ..... Rossiter, 1  
Lord Falmouth's Ambassador, 8st 9lb ..... F. Archer, 2

Duke of Westminster's Evasion, 8st 9lb ..... C. Wood, 3

Also ran: Zeltinger, Old Times, Dora, Cherokee, Tulach Ard, The Abbot, Marc Antony.

Betting.—100 to 30 agst Marc Anthony, 4 to 1 (at first 100 to 30) agst Mask, 5 to 1 agst Ambassador, 8 to 1 agst Evasion, 10 to 1 agst Dora, 100 to 8 agst Abbott, 100 to 6 agst Cherokee.

The RACE.—After a short delay at the post, Mask, in the centre of the course, jumped off in front, and drawing out at the distance, took a clear lead of Ambassador, and making the remainder of the running, won by three lengths; Evasion was a bad third. Time, 1 min. 26 sec.

The FIRST WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Gee's Velleda (G. Fordham), 1; Princess Mathilde, 2; Venise, 3. 3 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The MIDSUMMER STAKES.—Mr. R. Christopher's Discord (Lynch), 1; Peace, 2; Muley Edris, 3. 3 ran.

The BRAUFORT STAKES.—Mr. R. Garratt's Triumph filly (Luke), 1; Drumhead, 2. 2 ran.

SELLING PLATE.—Count Jaraczewski's Anonyma (Gallon), 1; Cairngorm, 2; Laverstoke colt, 3. 16 ran.

The EXETER STAKES.—Duke of Westminster's Dourance (F. Archer), 1; Moccole, 2; Creation, 3. 4 ran.

The FOURTH TWO-YR-OLD SALE STAKES.—Mr. W. S. Crawford's Schoolboy (G. Fordham), 1; Masquerader, 2; Fair Isabel, 3. 3 ran.

The JULY CUP.—Count F. de Lagrange's Théophile (J. Goater), 1; Out of Bounds, 2; Trappist, 3. 4 ran.

The SECOND WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. H. Savile's Lincolnshire (G. Fordham), 1; Royal, 2; Ellen Douglas, 3. 17 ran.

A MAIDEN PLATE.—General Mark Wood's The Shaker (F. Archer), 1; Susquehana, 2; Katrine colt, 3. 18 ran.

THURSDAY.

A MAIDEN STAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Innocent (J. Goater), 1; Gil Blas, 2; Valentino, 3. 7 ran.

SELLING STAKES.—Captain Machell's Baveno (T. Chaloner), 1; Inquisition, 2; Domino, 3. 4 ran.

MATCH of 200 sovs.—Lord Hartington's Merrythought (H. Jeffery), 1; Eva, 2.

The JULY HANDICAP.—Mr. H. Savile's Lincolnshire (C. Wood), 1; Japanica, 2; Malay, 3. 4 ran.

The CHESTERFIELD STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two-yr-old colts, 8st 10lb; fillies, 8st 7lb; winners extra; second to save stake. Last half of B.M. Fifty-four subs.

Duke of Westminster's Ben d'Or, by Donecaster—Rouge Rose, 8st 10lb.

C. Wool 1

Duke of St. Albans' Petal, 8st 7lb ..... J. Snowden, 2

Count F. de Lagrange's Dora, 8st 7lb ..... J. Morris, 2

Also ran: Austin Friar, In Bounds, Dolly Pentreath, The Song, Pappoose, Chinoise, The Proctor, Illuminata.

Betting : 5 to 2 agst Ben d'Or, 11 to 2 agst Song, 6 to 1 agst the Proctor, 7 to 1 agst Petal, 8 to 1 agst In Bounds, 100 to 12 agst Dora, 130 to 8 agst Pappoose.

The RACE.—Petal, on the left, cut out the work, followed by Dora, Illuminator, Ben d'Or, and The Song, which lot ran almost in a line, Pappoose and In Bounds being at the head of the next division. In the dip Illuminator and Dora were beaten, and Ben d'Or heading Petal soon afterwards won by a length; double which distance divided the second and third; The Song was fourth; Proctor fifth; Pappoose sixth; In Bounds next; and Austin Friar and Dolly Pentreath last. Time—59 sec.

The BUNBURY STAKES.—Count de Lagrange's Phénix (J. Goater), 1; Silvio, 2; Rob Roy, 3. 4 ran.

SWEETSTAKES.—Lord Dupplin's Echo II. (H. Jeffery), 1; Cairngorm, 2. 8 ran.

The THIRD WELTER HANDICAP.—Lord Anglesey's Dunmow (Fordham), 1; Witchery, 2; Red Hazard, 3. 12 ran.

SUMMER CUP.—Highland Lassie colt beat Leghorn.

## CARLISLE MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The ATHLETIC WELTER HANDICAP.—Marquis Talon's Triumvir (Fagan), 1; Trapper, 2; Skelmorlie, 3. 3 ran.

The MUNCASTER MAIDEN PLATE.—Mr. Miller's Crookstone (J. Osborne), 1; La Mancha, 2; Eric, 3. 5 ran.

The HOLM HILL HANDICAP.—Mr. Hunter's Macadam (Sheard), 1; Chesterfield, 2; Lady Millicent, 3. 6 ran.

The CUMBERLAND PLATE of 300 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and 3 sovs only if declared, &c.; winners extra; the second to receive 30 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save stake. About one mile and three-quarters. Thirty-three subs, 21 of whom declared ft.

Mr. A. Bayley's Mistress of the Robes, by Queen's Messenger—Duchess of Sutherland, 4 yrs, 1st 9lb ..... Luke, 1

Mr. J. Martin's Constantine, 5 yrs, 1st ..... Fagan, 2

Mr. W. J. Cordiner's Skelgate Maid, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb ..... Collins, 3

Also ran: Mars, Lady of Coverdale colt, Brown George, Nova, Roualeyn, Betting, 2 to 1 agst Mistress of the Robes, 7 to 2 agst Nova, 5 to 1 agst Constantine, 7 to 1 agst Roualeyn, 10 to 1 agst any other.

The RACE.—Brown George made the running in advance of Nova, Mistress of the Robes, and Roualeyn, with the Lady of Coverdale colt in the rear. Nearing the distance Skelgate Maid, Constance, and Mistress of the Robes joined issue, and the favourite coming away just inside the distance won by four lengths; a neck separated second and third.

The CARLISLE STAKES.—Mr. H. Bragg's Victor Emanuel (J. Osborne), 1; Cheviot, 2; Blush Rose, 3. 3 ran.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Captain Haworth's Miss York (Owner), 1; Sir Francis, 2; Vagrant, 3. 5 ran,

The GRAND STAND HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Osborne's Omega (J. Osborne), 1; Helios, 2; Xavier, 3. 3 ran.

## WEDNESDAY.

TUESDAY.

The NEWHALL WELTER CUP.—Mr. W. Walter's Wrangle (J. Jarvis), 1; Island King, 2; Priscillian, 3. 6 ran.

The TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. T. Hughes' Premature colt (Aldridge), 1; Chord colt, 2; Olive Branch filly, +; Maud, +. 6 ran.

The ASTON SELLING PLATE.—Lord Rossmore's Ultimus (S. Mordan), 1; Cremation, 2; Fanny Guy, 3. 8 ran.

A SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Mr. C. Jones's Sleepy Eye (T. Lane), 1; St. Margaret, 2; Radiator, 3. 11 ran.

## THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

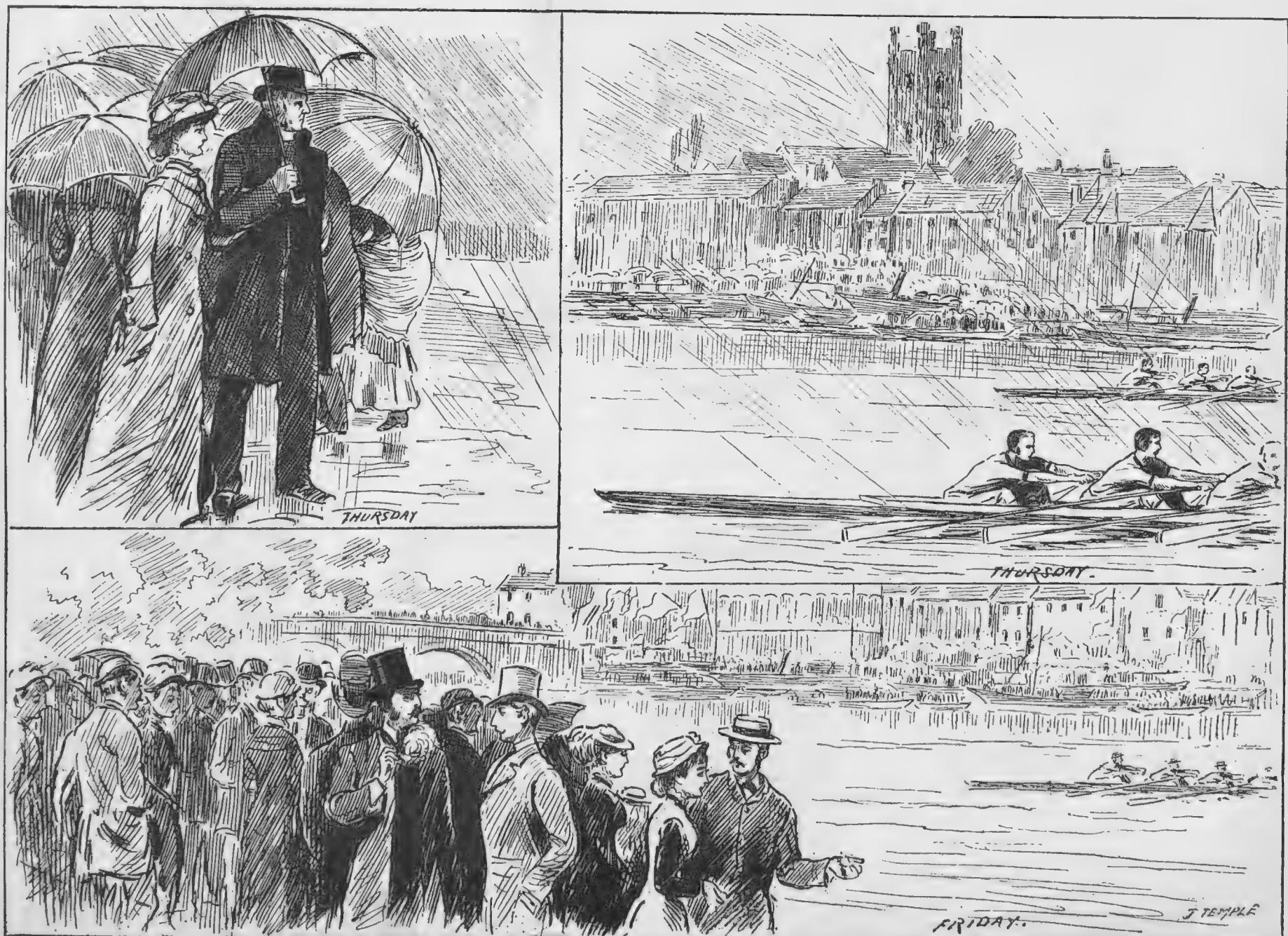
The deeply and widely-lamented death of a brave young Prince and amiable gentleman, who, selecting the career of a soldier, fell by the chance of war, has been traded upon to an extent which cannot but make the judicious grieve. Any pretext has been seized by the proprietors of obscure papers, who by sensational advertisements and daring inventions could at once make their existence known and awaken public curiosity in connection with the terrible event; and so long as the slightest material exists for exciting that feeling we may be sure that the process will not be abandoned. In reality, respectful pity and sympathy having been duly recorded, there is little to be said. The death of the Prince has its political significance, and from that point of view only should it be largely made a matter of public comment. To parade a mother's grief, and pry into the seclusion in which she would fain bury herself and her great sorrow; rake up every trifling incident of the nursery and school-room; collect all sorts of insignificant anecdotes and sayings; condemn unheard an English soldier and officer of approved valour and experience, in the vulgar weakness of a shrewish woman who must blame somebody for every accident, is neither manly, dignified, nor desirable in the Press of a great country. And yet how common these things have been since the date of the tragic incident.



THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

"The corpse of the martyred Prince," as a contemporary, prone to convert tragedy into farce by its gross absurdities, remarks, is on its way to this country, and preparations for its reception are now being actively made at Chislehurst. There will be no formal lying-in-state and little parade of a grief too deep and sincere to care for outside show. The Empress bears the horrible calamity with a brave and quiet endurance worthy the dignity of her station and her character; and if, to quote again, she "sees little 'glory' in the crimson wreath which they twine round the martyr's neck" (what an odd mingling of ideas—the laurel wreath and the halter!), she has at least the consolation of knowing that the duty her son voluntarily accepted he worthily performed, and that Englishmen are not likely to forget that it was while fighting their battle against their foes that the son of an Emperor lost his life. In contrast to the extravagant shrieks and wails of a contemptible flunkie of the Press, what a contrast is afforded in that simple statement made by the Prince of Wales, who, visiting Camden Place to mark his sympathy, although escorted into the abandoned boudoir of the Empress, to use his own words, "neither saw nor sought to see" the poor lady whose feelings and desires, with the tact and instinct of a gentleman, he both recognised and respected.

For ourselves, we are content to end with what we have already published in connection with the young soldier who died a soldier's death, and merely add thereto, as completing that mournful record, the accompanying portrait.



SKETCHES AT HENLEY REGATTA.

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

MESSRS. J. AND R. DOUGLASS, of the Standard Theatre, in announcing themselves as the actual and responsible managers of that place of entertainment at the head of their programme, give their address as 204½, High-street, Shoreditch, further they state that it is "the largest and most magnificent theatre in the world." This announcement, being in italics, is imposing, not to say startling. I wonder if it really is the "largest in the



*A Noble Author contemplating the ignoble offspring of his brain -*

a prowl in the far East. The Mlle. Beatrice Company was delighting the large and characteristic audience with *The Woman of the People*. I always regret not having seen Mlle. Beatrice in some of these dramas, that made her name and company famous throughout the land. I neglected all opportunity by some mischance or other, and now it is too late. *The Woman of the People* is a decidedly strong drama. "As everybody knows," Miss Annie Baldwin now essays the part of the much illused Marie, *The Woman of the People*. I have often seen Miss Annie Baldwin in comedy, and have never suspected her of what Herr Trumpetblower would call "Tragic Bower," and I was agreeably surprised to find that she is capable of considerable pathetic force! her fine commanding figure, and clear musical voice ought certainly to be utilised in the high-class serious drama. The other characters are filled by the members of the company—Mr. Frank Harvey, the chieftain of the gang, taking the part of Bertrand, the husband of Marie, who is one of those uninteresting blue-bloused creatures, who are supposed to represent the Parisian workman. I fear the success of Mr. Warner in *Drink* will overwhelm us with this type of person on the stage before long. Miss Lizzie Baldwin (a sister, I should imagine, from the similitude of voice, of Miss Annie Baldwin) is much too graceful and good-looking to be told off to perform the part of "an old maid." Mr. Frank Harvey, I believe, has published some sort of manifesto about the Beatrice Company in the advertisement columns of a theatrical paper. He calls attention to spurious companies playing pieces which he considers by right the property of the company he conducts; further, he leaves it in the hands of managers to choose between himself and company with pictorial posters



*Mr. Frank Harvey as Bertrand*



*Miss Annie Baldwin as Marie  
"The Woman of the People"*

time I will measure the principal houses of the world and make a comparison. One thing is certain, the Standard is an enormous establishment. I have very seldom been within its portals, unless during pantomime season, when I make a dutiful pilgrimage to view the scenery of Mr. Richard Douglass, which is always artistic and satisfactory. However, I found myself there the other night, in company with a genial friend, who suggested

of such and such a size, and other companies with posters of only half the dimensions. This is very low down indeed in the showman scale, especially as the posters in question are portraits of Mlle. Beatrice, who lives no longer to realise them. There is a degree of inaccuracy about this that is not worthy of a penny gaff. They had a habit in Spain some centuries ago of strapping the corpse of some illustrious but defunct warrior to the saddle, and letting the lifeless lead the living, and inspire them with valour as they dashed at the enemy. This may be excusable in warfare of ages ago, but the use of portraits of a dead actress to advertise the performance of a company which lives after her, is indecent in the nineteenth century. Madame Dolaro has again opened the Folly Theatre, having secured the services of Mr. G. W. Anson to strengthen her company. The novelty the fair manageress offers is a farcical comedy entitled *Lord Mayor's Day*, being an adaptation of *La Cagnotte*, a piece that was sufficiently played out at the Strand Theatre in Mr. Farnie's musical piece of *Eldorado*. *Lord Mayor's Day* is, I believe, the work of the Earl of Desart, and might be agreeably termed a Desert waste, for truly it is one of the dullest of the dull in its present form. Mr. Anson, Mr. Nicholls, and Mr. F. Leslie worked exceedingly hard to keep up the fun of the three bucolics, as also did Mr. John Carter and Miss Minnie Marshall, who gave a charming picture of a fresh little country lady. Mr. Leslie made up wonderfully as a fat man, the use of pink cotton wool to fatten the cheeks being so dexterously used as to almost deceive from the stalls in the diminutive theatre. The tedious farcical comedy concluded with a freezing silence on the part of the audience that seemed more terrible than a storm of hisses, though, indeed, at my portion of theatre it was somewhat relieved by the enthusiastic clapping of



*Mrs. John Carter as Miss Delia Puddifoot*

the noble author's hands. It was followed by *The First Night*, in which Mr. Anson and Madame Dolaro took the respective parts of the old Frenchman and his protégé. This somewhat enlivened the audience; but the sorry fun of the former piece had so spent the hours that it was nearly midnight before the



*Mr. F. Leslie as Mumpumby*

green curtain fell. This is preposterous in a bijou theatre supposed to be devoted to the performance of light touch-and-go entertainments. I am getting almost as clever at corrections as *The Times* newspaper itself. Last week I accredited the Garrick Theatre venture to a Mr. Sutton. The place is under the management of Miss Bulmer.

## SHOOTING.

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.

The proceedings within the shooting enclosure were on Saturday commenced with a £1 sweepstakes at three birds, to which there were eight subscribers, and eventually the pool was divided between Mr. A. Coventry and Mr. Turbutt, both of whom scored eight. Following this was an optional 26 yards sweepstakes at seven birds, and three out of the 29 shooters got on even terms by killing all their seven birds, viz., Mr. R. D. Turbutt, Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, and Mr. Hunt. The tie shooting was both exciting and interesting, but in the end the pool—£45—was placed to the credit of Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, who defeated both the other contestants at the sixth round. Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, the winner at this ground, and Lord Stormont, who was successful at the Gun Club, both shot with central fire breechloaders by Messrs. Dougall and Son, of St. James's-street.

THE GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

On Saturday last the members of this club had an excellent afternoon's sport at this ground, when the chief event on the programme was the Stockbridge £3 Handicap Sweepstakes, at seven birds each, with a £25 cup added. There were twenty-eight shooters, but of this number Lord Stormont (29 yards rise) alone killed all his birds, and consequently won the first prize, £56 and the cup. In the second prize, £20, Mr. W. F. Gambier (27), Mr. Stephen (26½), Mr. North (28), and Mr. Spencer Lucy (26½) tied by grassing six each out of seven, and when shooting it off at bird for bird, Mr. Gambier was successful at the third round. In the earlier part of the day a match for £100 at 100 birds, 30 yards rise, took place between Mr. Wallace and Captain Shelley. The former was in splendid form, and eventually won by 21 birds at the 84th round, killing no fewer than 72 to his opponent's 51. Six £1 handicap sweepstakes were

also decided. The first was shared between Mr. Riversdale and Mr. Hayley; the former and Mr. Williams took half each of the second; Mr. Stephens won £26 by grassing eight in the third; the next was shared by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Newcomen; Mr. Hale and Mr. Gilbert were the recipients of the fifth, and the sixth was divided between Mr. Hale and Mr. Newcomen.

## POLO.

THE MILITARY V. CIVILIAN MATCH AT HURLINGHAM.

The first fine Saturday of the season drew a large attendance to the grounds at Hurlingham. The match of the day was between a civilian and military contingent, the former being represented by Mr. E. H. Baldock (captain), Mr. J. Mellor, Mr. E. Currie, Mr. T. P. Kempson, and Mr. T. S. Kennedy; Mr. A. Peat being their umpire. Lieutenant-Colonel Duncombe (1st Life Guards) was the captain of the military division, his coadjutors being Mr. Julian Spicer (5th Lancers), Mr. C. Napier Miles (1st Life Guards), Mr. J. G. Baird (16th Lancers), and Mr. A. Cosmo Little (5th Lancers), Mr. W. Ince Anderson acting as umpire. The game began at half-past four, and for about twenty minutes the play was continued without a point being taken on either side. The Civilians, with one or two exceptions, were not quite so strong a team as could have been got together, and certainly during the first part of the game the military contingent had undoubtedly the best of it, and they were frequently found attacking the Civilians' quarters. Eventually Mr. J. G. Baird hit the first goal for the soldiers, cleverly taking it from out a scrimmage. The second game was more evenly contested, and a fine run down from the centre of the ground resulted in a goal being secured for the Civilians by Mr. James Mellor. Shortly before time was called, Mr. A. Cosmo Little cleverly took the ball round somewhat circuitously to the Civilian stronghold, which he was fortunate in reducing,

and as these were the only points made, the Military side were the winners by one goal, scoring two to their opponents' one. As the players were rather late in beginning, the game only lasted one hour and five minutes. Mr. J. Spicer, Mr. J. G. Baird, and Mr. A. C. Little were the most conspicuous in the play on behalf of the Military interest; whilst Mr. Baldock, Mr. E. Currie, and Mr. T. P. Kempson played exceedingly well for the Civilians—their game, however, seemed characterised by a want of unity, and in general it was not very fast, the ground, somewhat rough from continuous usage during the recent bad weather, being quite sufficient to account for this.

## YACHTING.

YACHT RACE TO RAMSGATE.

The Channel race of the Corinthian Yacht Club, stationed at Erith, for a prize of 22 guineas for the winner, and two others in proportion for second and third, was contested on Saturday. It was an open race with a sealed handicap, the course being from Erith to Ramsgate. The breeze freshened at the Nore, where the Fleur-de-Lis and Cygnet took the Alexander Channel, by which the former profited. As the wind increased it southwarded a little, and from Long Nose they had to turn to windward nearly the whole of the remainder of the course. At the North Foreland it blew so stiffly that they all took in topsails. They were Fleur-de-Lis, Ildegonda, and Merle, and the latter, having housed her topmast, put in a reef. She was shortly afterwards passed by the Elsie, whose power told. Close hauled, they finished the race as under:—Ildegonda (winner first prize, by time), 2h 46m 20s; Fleur-de-Lis (second prize), 2h 39m 50s; Merle (third prize, by time), 3h 0m 10s; Elsie, 2h 52m 25s; Kittiwake, 3h 10h 40s; Syren, 3h 17h 25s. The others were not timed. The weather was very fine for such a race.

## HORSE AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S

THURSDAY'S SALES

HAVE COMMENCED FOR THE SEASON.

TUESDAY NEXT, 8th July, at Twelve o'clock.  
SPECIAL STUD SALE,  
(In addition to the usual Thursday's Sales)  
**100 HUNTERS, HACKS, HARNESS HORSES, COBS, and PONIES**, by AUCTION at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM.  
Stalls should be engaged early.  
The number will be strictly limited to 100.  
Special Terms for this Select Sale on application at Cave's.

THURSDAY NEXT, 10th July, at One o'clock.  
**60 HUNTERS, HARNESS HORSES, HACKS, COBS, and PONIES**, the property of different Noblemen, Gentlemen, Horse Masters, &c., by AUCTION, at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET YARD, BIRMINGHAM (The OLD BEARDSWORTH'S YARD).

Gentlemen having Hunters and good Horses to dispose of are invited to send them to any of the Weekly Thursday's Sales. Hunters are offered every Thursday at One, and Cart Horses at Twelve. Stalls should be engaged early.

Horses at Eleven, Carriages about 3.30.

Sales by Private Treaty daily.

THURSDAY NEXT, 10th July, at Twelve o'clock.  
**30 CART and VAN HORSES**, by AUCTION, at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM.  
Stalls should be engaged early.

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**MR. RY MILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION**, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, etc.

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MEETING will take place  
(By the kind permission of the Earl of Craven)  
on the

6th OCTOBER, and Course the following days, when the following stakes will be run for—  
The DERBY, for an unlimited number of dog puppies of 1878, at £3 10s. each, £1 forfeit. Close 19th July.  
The OAKS, for an unlimited number of bitch puppies of 1878, at £3 10s. each, £1 forfeit. Close 19th July.

Forms for the above may be obtained of the Hon. Sec. The CRAVEN CUT, for 64 all-aged dogs and bitches, at £6 10s. each, p.p.; to name before 5 o'clock p.m., Tuesday, 7th October. Double nominations granted and guarded. A cheque for the amount must be sent with the application.

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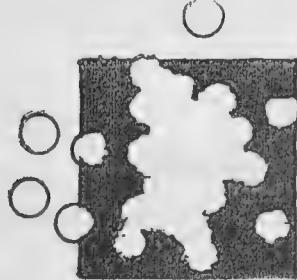
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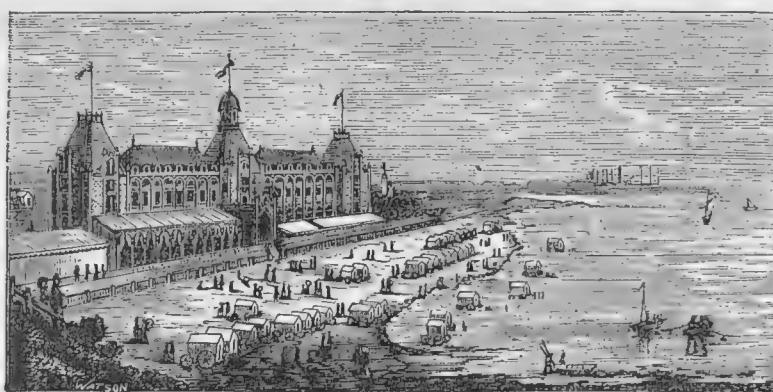
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**DEVONSHIRE**, near to the favourite watering-places of Sidmouth and Seaton.—An important Manorial Estate, known as Wiscombe-park, situate in the parishes of Southleigh and Colyton, distant three miles from Colyton, six from Sidmouth, Seaton, and Honiton, where there are stations on the London and South-Western Railway, and 20 from Exeter. It comprises a substantial mansion, of pleasing elevation, surrounded by well-arranged pleasure grounds, standing in a park adorned with stately timber, and embracing extensive and charming views over a richly undulating country, approached from the high road by a carriage drive, and containing entrance hall, three reception rooms and study, 14 principal and secondary bed and dressing rooms, day and night nurseries, bath room, and water-closet. The domestic offices and cellarage are ample. The walled-in kitchen garden and stabling are conveniently placed. There are several occupations, with suitable homesteads, dwelling-houses, with productive orchard, meadow, pasture, and arable land, interspersed with thriving woods, plantations, and excellent coverts, forming an admirable estate for sporting purposes. The whole property comprises 1,883 acres 3 rods 3 perches, the greater portion let to responsible tenants; the remainder, including the mansion, park, woods, and plantations, are in hand. There is an abundant supply of water, gravel, and brick earth. With the estate will be included the Manor or reputed Manor of Southleigh, with the rights and privileges thereto belonging; also, in separate lots, the Advowson or Right of Presentation to the Rectory of Southleigh, with the Rectorial-house, grounds, and 35a. 1r. 37p. of glebe; 12a. 0r. 11p. of orchard and pasture land, with cottage and garden, at Hardy's-hill; and about four acres of accommodation land, at Buckrell, near Honiton.

**MESSRS. BEADEL and Co.** are instructed by the Trustees under the will of the late Charles Gordon, Esq., to offer the above important ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on THURSDAY, the 10th of July, 1879, at ONE o'clock, in four lots.—Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of T. E. Drake, Esq., Solicitor, Exeter; of Messrs. Stamp and Son, Solicitors, Honiton; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

**WESTGATE-ON-SEA ESTATE**, Isle of Thanet.—Very valuable Freehold Building Land, comprising exceedingly choice sites for the erection of marine residences, and several eligible plots for shops. Boasting a history allied with many curious legends, which can be traced almost as far back as the landing of St. Augustine in the Isle of Thanet, A.D. 596, and by the discovery of ancient relics to the time of the Romans, Westgate is yet essentially a modern town, and it has made such rapid progress in the hands of the present landowner, Edmund F. Davis, Esq., that it has now become one of the most charming, picturesque, and select marine resorts on the south-east coast. Being within two miles of Margate, it possesses all the advantages, without any of the drawbacks, of this popular watering-place. To the ordinary excursionist Westgate is comparatively unknown, for to him it offers but few inducements, while to the upper and middle classes of society its attractions are innumerable—magnificent sea views, splendid bathing, fine bracing air, pure water, sea walls and promenades of over a mile in length, with easy access to the sands below, and beautifully disposed ornamental squares, lawns, and pleasure grounds, including a delightfully sheltered garden, with grassy slopes, formed on the verge of the cliff, and affording protection at all times from boisterous winds. There are capital wide roads through the estate, and a marine drive following the line of the coast for nearly two miles. To the many other desirable features, exclusively its own (which within the limits of an advertisement must necessarily be passed over), should be added the fact that Westgate can be reached from London by the special Westgate-on-Sea and Granville express in one hour and 40 minutes, and that there are also other fast trains at cheap fares during the day. A considerable number of the houses upon the estate, especially most the handsome villas along the sea front, have been built by gentlemen for their own occupation; and as nearly the whole of the uncovered land is the property of the vendor, there is no possible chance of the aristocratic character of Westgate ever being destroyed.

**MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER** have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, on TUESDAY, July 15, at TWO, in fifty-three Lots, important FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, situate in Sea-road, Lodge Point-gardens, Westgate-road, Roxburgh-road, Sussex-gardens, Sussex-square, Westgate-square, St. Mildred's-road, The Grove, the main Canterbury-road, and Cuthbert-road, Westgate-on-Sea. The plots will be shown upon application at the Manor Park Estate Office, Westgate-on-Sea, where particulars, plans, and views may be obtained. Particulars, &c., may also be had of Messrs. Parker, Solicitors, No. 17, Bedford-street, and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

**TO CLUB MEN.—ASCOT**, near to Grand Stand, Royal Hotel and Station.—FOR SALE, about nine acres of FREEHOLD HEATH and PINE WOOD, good road frontage, a splendid position for the erection of a retreat in this Royal neighbourhood.—For particulars, apply to Messrs. Marsh, Milner & Co., Land Agents and Valuers, 54, Cannon-street, E.C.

**A BERDEEN GRANITE MONUMENTS**, from £5. Carriage free. Inscriptions accurate and beautiful. Iron Railings and Tomb Furnishings fitted complete. Plans and Prices from JOHN W. LEGGE, Sculptor, Aberdeen.

In the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division.—In re Thompson's Settled Estates.—Norfolk.—A fine Manorial Residential and Sporting Property, distinguished as the Brooke Estate, situate six miles on the south-east of the Cathedral City of Norwich, and the same distance on the north of the Town of Bungay, while Yarmouth and Lowestoft are both within 15 miles. It comprises the mansion known as Brooke-house, which contains every accommodation for a nobleman's or gentleman's family, with elegant suite of reception rooms, facing the south, and overlooking an undulating park of about 150 acres, ornamented with splendid oak and other timber, and surrounded by well-grown plantations. The pleasure grounds are extensive, and the shrubs and specimen conifers are unusually fine. In the parish of Bergh-Apton is the residence known as The Cottage, in a small but beautifully-timbered park, and at a short distance therefrom is Seething-park, where formerly stood an ancient mansion, and which now presents a splendid site for the erection of a residence, as it is studded with magnificent trees, and has several pieces of ornamental water, besides the well-known Seething-wood, picturesquely planted with rhododendrons and specimen trees, and intersected by a small trout stream. The sporting is unusually good, and there is an abundant stock of both winged and ground game, which has been strictly preserved. The estate extends into the parishes of Brooke, Kirstead, Seething, Mundham, Sizeland, Thurnton, Bergh-Apton, Chedgrave, and Norton, and comprises numerous farms, in the hands of first-class yearly tenants, interspersed with game coverts and plantations, besides numerous cottages and smaller occupations, containing altogether about 3,000 acres, commanding a rental of about £5,000 per annum, exclusive of the mansion and sporting; and, in addition, are the valuable Manors of Seething, Dingleburgh, and Manclarkes, and the Manor of Kirstead Myntts, with their arbitrary fines over nearly 500 acres and the annual quit-rents.

**MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY**, and Co. will offer by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, on THURSDAY, 31st July, 1879, the important MANORIAL DOMAIN known as Brooke, which will first be offered in its entirety in one lot, and if not so sold will then be immediately afterwards offered in 36 lots, which may be thus briefly enumerated:

Lot 1, containing 623 acres, will comprise Brooke House, with park, pleasure grounds, gardens and curtilage, the two capital farms, known as Kirstead Old Hall and High Green, besides accommodation lands and cottages, and the manor of Kirstead Myntts.

Lot 2, containing 1,049 acres, comprises the Berph-Apton Cottage or Dower House, and at a short distance Seething Park, heavily timbered, and presenting a magnificent site for the erection of a mansion, overlooking the ornamentally-planted woodlands, which are intersected by a trout stream; also several first-class farms, with cottages and smaller occupations.

Lots 3 to 7.—Small Occupations, with accommodation land and cottages, situate in the parishes of Seething and Kirstead.

Lots 8, 9, and 10.—Three capital Farms, containing respectively 245 acres, 173 acres, and 209 acres, and occupied by Mr. Henry Rackham, Mr. Thos. Wm. Beverley, and Mr. Thomas Tillett.

Lots 11, 12, 13, and 14.—The Mundham Windmill and Accommodation Lands, sundry Cottages, and Two Small Pieces of Woodlands.

Lot 15.—Poplar Farm, containing 257 acres, occupied by Mr. John Chase, and adjoining the Langley Estate, belonging to Sir Reginald Beauchamp, Bart.

Lots 16, 17, and 18.—A capital Farm, in Berph-Apton, containing 72 acres, occupied by Mr. James Brown, and Two Pieces of Marsh Land at Chedgrave, in Bevens Level.

Lot 19.—The fully-licensed Publichouse, known as the Red Lion, in Thurton Parish, with 20 acres of first-class land.

Lots 20, 21, and 22.—Capital Farms in the parish of Berph-Apton, occupied by Mr. S. J. Stronger, Mr. Henry Cunningham, Mr. John Chase, and Mr. Alfred H. Chase.

Lots 23 to 29.—Small detached Enclosures of Accommodation Land, occupied by Mr. Jonathan Widdup, and almost entirely surrounded by the estates of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, Thos. Cook, Esq., and Miss Denny.

Lots 30 to 35.—In the village of Brooke, and comprising Houses, Shops, Cottages, and Accommodation Land.

Lot 36.—The very valuable and important Manors of Seething, Dingleburgh, and Manclarkes.

The mansion may be viewed by orders only, to be obtained of the Auctioneers and the Solicitors; and the estate on application to the resident Steward (whose postal address is Kirstead, Norwich). A first edition of the particulars, with views and plans, is now ready, and a second edition will shortly be issued, with conditions of sale, under the sanction of the judge to whose Court this matter is attached.—Particulars may be obtained of Messrs. Blake, Keith, and Blake, Solicitors, the Chantry, Norwich; of Messrs. Blake and Heseltine, Solicitors, 4, St. Swithin's-inn, Fleet-street, London; and of Messrs. Norton, Trist, Watney, and Co., 62, Old Broad-street, London.

**NORFOLK**.—Desirable Agricultural Properties, part freehold and part copyhold, situate in the parish of Seething, and immediately adjoining the Brooke Estate (described in the above advertisement), and of great importance as an addition thereto, comprising an excellent corn-growing farm, containing altogether 260a. 2r. 7p. of arable and pasture land, well suited to the requirements of the present system of agriculture, and the pasture land being of very rich quality. In the occupation of Mr. Charles Race, who will leave at Michaelmas next, from which date it has been let to a good tenant at an increased rent. Also about 30 acres of arable and pasture land, adjoining the above, and let to Mr. C. Race.

**MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY**, and Co. will offer by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, 11th July, at Two o'clock precisely, the above PROPERTIES.—Particulars may be obtained as stated in the above advertisement of the Brooke Estate, and of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

**HYTHE**, near Southampton, Hants.—An enjoyable Freehold Residential Property, distinguished as Langdown-lawn, situate about a mile from the landing at Hythe, within easy distance of several stations on the South Western Railway, and in one of the most interesting parts of the county. It comprises a very desirable country residence, placed upon high ground, commanding pretty views of the Southampton Water and surrounding picturesque scenery; containing nine bedrooms, spacious hall (now used as a billiard room), inner hall, elegant bay drawing room, 30ft by 20ft, opening to lawn and communicating with conservatory; dining room 23ft by 16ft; study, with dressing room; morning room, servants' hall, and well-arranged domestic offices; stabling for three horses, double coach-house, harness room, and yard; productive kitchen garden, farmery with all necessary buildings, delightful pleasure grounds and gardens, adorned with specimen trees and shrubs, extensive lawns, boldly undulating, and richly-timbered park-like lands, in which are shrubbery walks, wooded groves, and secluded dells, the whole extending over nearly 58 acres, and forming a most delightful occupation, with the advantage of immediate possession.

**MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY**, and Co. are instructed to offer for SALE, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, 11th July, at Two o'clock precisely, the above singularly desirable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. May be viewed by orders only.—Particulars obtainable of Messrs. Bacon and Turner, Solicitors, 18, Fenchurch-street, E.C.; the Toll-house, Landing-place, Hythe; South-Western Hotel, Southampton; George Hotel, Portsmouth; the Pier Hotel, Southsea; and, with orders to view, of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

## FORTHCOMING SALES.

**MESSRS. FAEBROTH, ELLIS, CLARK, and CO.** will offer for SALE by AUCTION the following valuable PROPERTIES, at the Mart on WEDNESDAY, July 23, at TWO precisely.

**NORTHAMPTON**, on the borders of Warwickshire.—An important Freehold Landed Property, known as the Newbold Manor Estate (tithe free), in one of the finest grazing counties in England, and well placed as to markets both for purchase and sale. It comprises in all about 700 acres, divided into three farms, and includes some of the best land in the district for dairy feeding and breeding purposes. The homesteads and appropriate outbuildings afford excellent accommodation for fatting and dairy stock. Let to highly-respectable and old tenants at very moderate rents, amounting to £1,500 per annum, presenting to trustees and others seeking a sound landed investment of a high-class an opportunity seldom met with.—Solicitors, Messrs. Underwood and Son, 13, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

**SOUTH DEVON**.—Pennsylvania Park Estate, close to the City of Exeter, consisting of six first-class residences, with stabling, coach-house, gardens, and pleasure grounds, two entrance lodges, carriage drives, building lands, &c.; also the Villa and Grounds known as Portland-lodge, and the Reversion of Pennsylvania-cottage and garden, subject to a life now aged about 68. The whole estate comprises about 22a. 2r. 11p. The situation of the property is unrivalled, and with its southern aspect and elevated position it is justly considered the sanatorium of the neighbourhood.—Solicitors, Messrs. Rose and Fry, 26, Great George-street, Westminster; Messrs. Ley and Mould, No. 61, Carey-street, W.C.; and Messrs. Dunsford, Hole and Dayman, Tiverton, Devon.

**On the Borders of KENT and SUSSEX**.—A charming Freehold Residential Property, situate in the picturesque village of Erige, five miles from Tunbridge Wells, and on the confines of the estate of the Marquis of Abergavenny. It comprises a mansion on a moderate scale, seated on a lofty eminence, commanding the most beautiful scenery for which the vicinity of Tunbridge Wells is so justly celebrated. Every advantage has been taken of the natural wildness and beauty of the spot. The grounds immediately surrounding the residence are laid out, regardless of cost, in croquet and tennis lawns, terraced walks, gardens, parterres, also two ranges of rocks, interwoven with beautiful shrubs and parks of a maze-like character, constantly affording fresh views, which are superior in their wild and romantic character to the famous high rocks of Tunbridge Wells. Kitchen garden, conservatory, and glasshouses, hop garden and park land; in all about 63 acres. There are capital stabling, farmery, and a moderate-sized residence, fronting the Brighton-road. Solicitor, A. O. Underwood, Esq., 89, Chancery-lane, W.C.

**NORTH DEVON**, near Hatherleigh.—The Ash Estate, a valuable Freehold and Manorial Property, with capital mansion, extensive stabling, pleasure grounds, gardens, two kitchen gardens, park-like lands, woods, and plantations; also Two Farms, known as Waterbank and Easterbrook, and the chief and conventional rents arising out of lands in the manor of Okchampton. The entire embraces an area of about 300 acres.—Solicitors, Messrs. Hollams, Son, and Coward, Mincing-lane, E.C.

On Saturday, July 26th, at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury, at Three o'clock.

**SALOP**, between Bridgnorth and Ludlow.—A very valuable Freehold and Manorial Estate, known as Priors Ditton. The estate embraces an area of about 1,560 acres, including Ditton Farm, with capital manor-house, with extensive outbuildings, being one of the best farms in the county; also Church, Powkesmore, Hillside, and other valuable farms, each having appropriate dwellings, conveniently placed for the economical working of the farms; numerous cottages and small holdings, including the Howard Arms Inn, and the whole of the village of Ditton. This property will be offered first in one lot, and, if not sold, then in 12.—Solicitors, Messrs. Few and Co., No. 19, Surrey-street.—Particulars may be had of the respective Solicitors and of the Auctioneer, 5 and 6, Lancaster-place, Strand, and 18, Old Broad-street, E.C.

**Chislehurst and Bromley (between), Kent**.—A fine Freehold Residential Property, known as Widmore Lodge, comprising a large Elizabethan family residence, containing 10 excellent bed chambers, three dressing rooms, bath room, box room, lavatories, &c., four reception-rooms, smoking-room, magnificent conservatory, and a most complete range of domestic offices, with ample cellarage; also laundry, drying-room, outhouses, and large yard; the stabling, with coach-house, coachman's rooms, &c., is ample, well built, lofty, and most judiciously placed. The residence, built about 27 years since, is approached by a lodge entrance with carriage drive adorned by remarkably fine pines and other conifers; it stands surrounded by nearly 11 acres of park-like lands, ornamented by terrace walks, flower beds, &c., and studded with stately elms and magnificent specimen shrubs and trees of the rarest description, the whole estate being encircled by a most luxuriant shrubbery. There is a capital walled-in kitchen garden, glasshouses, vineries, &c. The house stands high on a gravel soil, and commands magnificent views, extending over Hayes-common, Keston, and the surrounding lovely district. The property has a long frontage to two good roads, and part of the land could be easily cut off, if desired, for building purposes. Bickley Station is within ten minutes' walk, and Chislehurst and Bromley about one mile distant. Immediate possession.

**MESSRS. BAXTER, PAYNE, and LEPPER** will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, E.C., on WEDNESDAY, July 23rd, at Two unless previously disposed of by private contract, the above choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, situate, with a long frontage to the Chislehurst-road, at Bickley, Kent, and about 10 miles' drive from town. The estate is well worth the attention of merchants and others wanting a perfect country residence, with all its necessary conveniences, and yet within half and hour's journey of London.—May be viewed by orders only, and particulars, with plans and views, obtained of Messrs. Lepper and Blaxland, Solicitors, 72, Mark-lane; at the Mart; and of Baxter, Payne, and Lepper, Land Agents, and Auctioneers, Town Hall, Bromley, Kent, and 63, King William-street, E.C.

**BUCKINGHAMSHIRE**.—A charming Freehold Residence standing in its own Grounds of 6 acres, most pleasantly situate at Farthing Royal, about 2½ miles from Slough Railway Station, close to Burnham Beeches, and a very delightful drive from Windsor and Maidenhead. By order of Executors.

**WEATHERALL and GREEN** will SELL by AUCTION at the Mart, near the Bank of England, on MONDAY, July 28, at TWO o'clock precisely, by order of Executors, the very desirable Freehold Detached Residence or Hunting Box known as "The Poplars" occupying a very charming position close to the famous Burnham Beeches, and in the midst of the meets of the Royal Buck Hounds, and near the Kennels of Sir Robert B. Harvey's Harriers, conveniently situated also for the meets of the O.B.H.; Mr. Garth's, and the South Berks Fox Hounds, and near the properties of Lady Paulet, The Duke of Leeds, and E. Coleman, Esq. The house is approached by a carriage sweep, and contains 8 bedrooms, excellent reception rooms, and good domestic offices, with spacious stabling for hunters; loose boxes, coach houses, &c. The grounds surrounding the house are 6 acres in extent, very tastefully disposed, and beautifully planted with ornamental trees and shrubs. The soil is deep gravel. Immediate possession can be had.—Particulars with plans and conditions of sale may be obtained at the principal Hotels at Slough, Windsor, Reading, and Maidenhead; of the Auctioneers, 22, Chancery-lane; and of F. A. M. Jennings, Esq., Solicitor, 40, Chancery-lane.

**TO BE LET FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS**, a delightful detached Villa Residence at BARNEs, facing the Thames, and beautifully situated. Dining and drawing-rooms, four bed-rooms, &c., well furnished; piano. Garden sloping to the river. Terms, three and a half guineas per week, including services of an excellent cook.—Address A. C., The Terrace, Barnes, S.W.

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